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RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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THE FLIGHT FROM RUMANIA. By Captain James A. M

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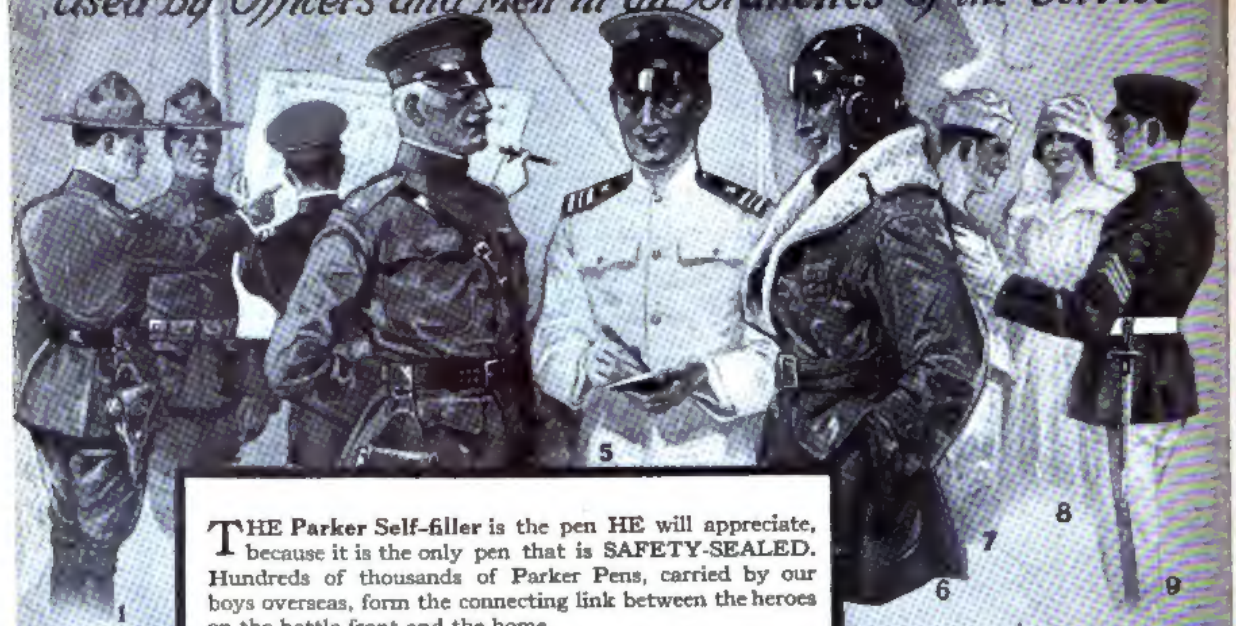

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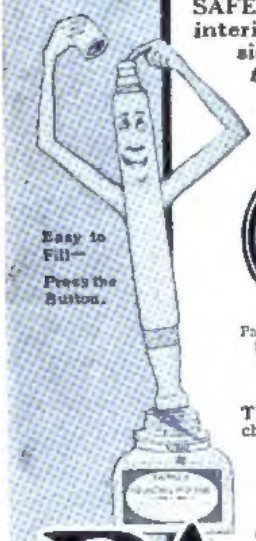

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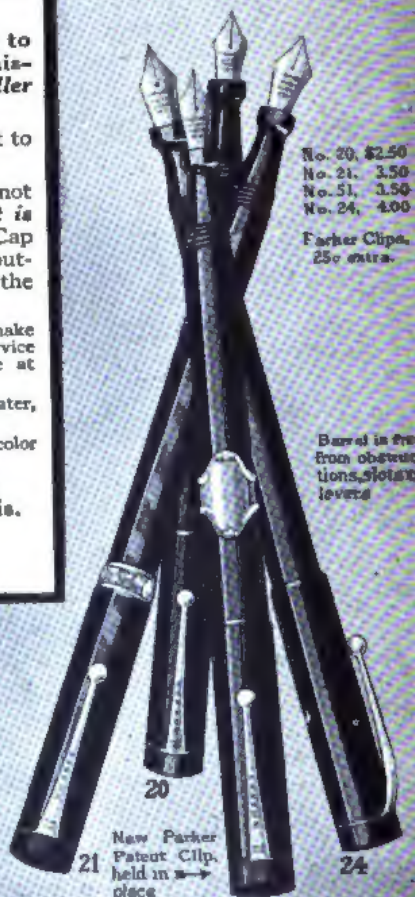

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Western Edition

Great Little Rivers

By Frazier Hunt

FOR miles along the hard white road that had helped save France a tiny river ran. But it was such a quiet race with life and time. It had no steep banks, only gentle, green, silent slopes that fell gracefully back from its edges. Here and there fragrant woods wandered almost to its drowsy waters.

A cuckoo sounded its call and far off its mate sent back the echo. On sun-splashed mornings the thrush came, and in the moonlight the nightingale sang to this little stream.

It was a tiny river, and if in great America only the countryside that knew its winding ways could have told its name. It was a brook for poets to dream by. Little islands of willows, weeping for France, slept in its heart. One could almost whisper across it and, as a French school-girl of fourteen wrote, "Birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned towards the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice."

It was a tiny river; it was the Yser.

Oxen drawing the cultivating plows that will help feed France and win the war almost splash into its shallow edges as they turn the furrow. And, on hot July days, the old man who prods them with his pointed stick and the sturdy woman who handles the plow let them drink their fill of its cooling waters—not plunging their noses deep like thirsty horses but gently drawing in the water with the lips after the manner of oxen.

It is a quiet stream that a child could ford without danger. It flows slowly and sweetly from the mother hills to the embracing sea. A few arched bridges leap from one low bank to another. It has not cut deep into the land of France but it has cut deep into the heart of France. It is one of the ribbons of victory and glory that France will always wear across her breast. And it is a ribbon made red by the blood of the men of France who have died for France.

And yet we of America would call it a little stream, and old men would fish all day in it from a shaded velvet point; and boys swimming would hunt some favorite Devil's Hole where they might dive.

It is the Marne.

For four years now it has flowed peacefully on while men have fought to scar its banks with trenches—burrowing themselves into the earth as only the muskrat had done in the forgotten days of peace. Strong, unafraid men came from the ends of the world to die by its side. And it would have gladly sung them a sweet, low lullaby, crooning a song with which mothers on the shores of all the seven seas had once rocked them to sleep—only now the sound of heavy firing, dull booms of the cannon, and the spit and nervous drum of the machine gun, made its song as futile and indistinguishable as the whisper of a child in the roar of a mob.

What a story its sweet waters had to tell to all the rivers of the world when they met in the broad sea: a tale of strange men who fought and died that it might still be a part of France; a tale of deeds of glory and of valor and of sacrifice. And some of these men had come from far away America to this little river, this stream so tiny and so modest that it might have forever remained unknown and unsung.

It was the Somme.

After all, what does size matter—except the size of the heart and of the soul?

The great Mississippi, the mystic Amazon, the majestic Hudson, the wide Danube—all mighty in power and commerce!

The Yser, the Aisne, the Oise, the Somme, the Marne—little streams of France: old brooks as precious as Thermopylae or Bunker Hill!

Tiny are they—and so was Bethlehem!

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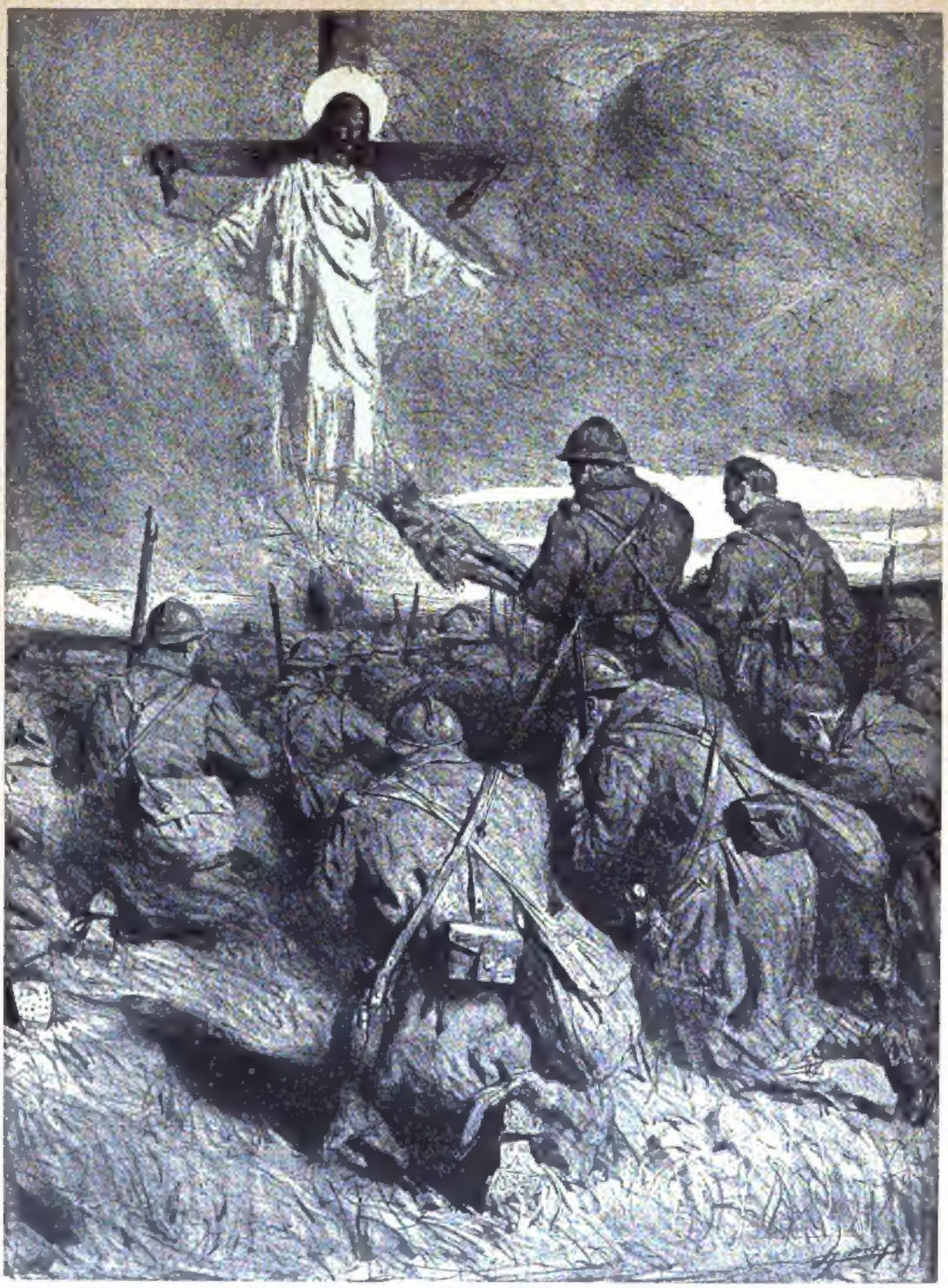

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The Resurrection

From a drawing by Lucien Jonas

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THE SEPTEMBER
RED CROSS MAGAZINE
Volume 13 1918 Number 9

The Flight From Rumania

By Captain James A. Mills

Secretary of the American Red Cross Commission to Rumania

WHEN Rumania's fight was ended and peace was forced on her, the Allied Commissions (and among them the Commission of the American Red Cross) could remain no longer. There was only one way out. It was through troubled, torn Russia. In almost continual apprehension of both the German invaders and possible unfriendly Russian revolutionists, the party journeyed 2,500 miles, suffering not only the dangers of war but the hardships of a rigorous climate, including a trip over frozen Lapland, before at last there was the greeting of friendly flags on friendly ships in the Arctic Sea that offered egress into a friendly world again.

There was a recollection, however, that served to sustain all members of the party through all privations. It was the memory of the tearful farewell from the Rumanian people—a benediction of gratitude from high and low.

When the Commission went to Rumania, it was with instructions to make merely a survey of conditions (which it was supposed would demand only a few weeks) and to return to the United States with its report. On arrival in Rumania, however, they found the nation in so sore a plight, lacking everything from food and clothing to medicine, that it was decided that at least a part of the Commission must remain indefinitely to do what work it could. It was a land of woe and death. Typhus was abroad. But without hesitation two-thirds of the members said that they would remain.

They stayed through such an evil time of famine and contagious sickness and utter destitution as few countries ever have suffered. They stayed through a time of isolation when Rumania was almost utterly sealed from the world. America's great fountain of supplies was useless, for little or nothing could get through. They stayed, and they worked, and they succeeded. Rumania never will forget America; and there is no Rumanian, high or low, who did not learn to bless the starry flag that floated from the relief stations.

That isolated little group of Red Cross workers built a hospital. It became known as the best in the country It opened an orphanage that gathered in the children robbed of their parents.

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Rumanian soldiers renewing their oath of allegiance during the visit of Queen Marie and the American Red Cross delegates to the front

It established a station in Jassy, the provisional capital where the Government made its last stand, and for months the destitute in all the regions around were fed, clothed and brought back to health without cost.

Those vast supplies of food, clothing, and hospital equipment, which had been expected from America so confidently, never arrived. Shortage of ships and the difficulties of transport through Siberia and Russia so hindered that only one

A Rumanian boy orator giving an address of welcome to the King and Queen and the Princesses, in a Rumanian village just back of the front line

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shipment of hospital equipment and a small assortment of surgical instruments came to them.

Russia was starving, and could furnish only the most wretched and meagre supplies. But the Red Cross Commission got what it could from Odessa, from Moscow, even from Petrograd, despite the broken transportation system and the heart-breaking disorganization of every accustomed thing in all that world. One of its agents made his way to frozen Archangel and brought back many tons of salted herrings. Some way, some how, the Red Cross brought into Rumania tons of food, thousands of barrels of fish, tens of thousands of articles of clothing.

Lieut.-Colonel H. W. Anderson, Chairman of the American Red Cross Commission, presenting, as a Christmas present, a bunch of mistletoe to Princess Ileana, the daughter of the King and Queen of Rumania

In the districts of Putna, Tekuchiu, and Bacau—crowded with refugees—the Red Cross Commission managed in that bare land to feed nearly 40,000 people a day.

In its hospital at Roman, sixty miles from Jassy and thirty miles from the Rumanian battlefront, twelve doctors and eleven nurses attended to the 400 or 500 beds, which were full all the time. All manner of substitutes had to be found or devised to take the place of needed instruments and drugs.

A canteen in Jassy ministered daily to 2,000 people, giving them food, clothing, and medical attention. From material obtained in Moscow and Petrograd, garments were made by Rumanian refugees at minimum cost. The utter lack of shoes was overcome by making moccasins from canvas and burlap. The requests for help ranged all the way from petitions for garments in which to bury the dead, to requests for flannels in which to wrap the new-born.

Ragged Rumanians often waited in front of the canteen through whole nights. Crowds gathered as early as two o'clock in the morning, in order to be the first in line. It was found that the canteen could provide a substantial meal of soup, fish, bread, butter and tea for a cost of little more than five cents for each person.

Never could contributors to the Red Cross fund in the United States feel that their money was better given than among the starving women and children of Rumania. A mother with a tiny baby in arms and a husband mortally wounded at home would apply for a pound of cornmeal or a kilogram of black flour. A mite of a girl would ask for a pint of cod-liver oil for her dying mother. A soldier with one leg and his face cruelly mutilated by shrapnel sought a few garments in which to bury his wife who had died from typhus. A boy of twelve, acting as father and guardian for three smaller brothers and sisters left motherless while their father served at the front, begged a few herrings.

The Commission gave with an open hand. No request was denied. Yet, though supplies had to be gathered from regions apparently stripped, and double and triple prices had to be paid, when the Red Cross Commission left Rumania it had the record of having succored hundreds of thousands of people at an expenditure of less than one-third the amount appropriated for the purpose by the War Council in Washington. Less than half a million dollars had fed a great part of the Rumanian nation for a period of six months, without a pound of food from America.

When at last the Commission was forced to go, it left behind at the canteen enough food to feed 2,000 people for three months, enough bandages and medicines for the same time, and garments and food for the orphanage.

And it was the realization of this work well done under heavy handicaps and often under almost

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impossible conditions, that sustained us through the bitter and harassing month that was to come.

RARELY in the history of the Red Cross has it been necessary for any working members to arm themselves against attack. That, however, is what the members of the American Red Cross Commission to Rumania were compelled to do when they left Rumania for America early in March, 1918, and traveled northward through Russia. All members of the Red Cross Unit carried some form of firearm, ready for any emergency; and the train which carried also members of the French Military Mission, was armed heavily with machine guns, rifles and hand grenades.

This vigilance had a twofold purpose. Certain elements of the Bolsheviki were said to be unfriendly to the members of the Allied Commissions and the Germans were reported as concentrating along the railroad from Rumania into Russia. In consequence every precaution was taken to guard the lives of the twenty-five members of the American Red Cross (which included eleven nurses) and the large number of French, British and other Allied members.

All the foreign commissions in Rumania had been offered safe passage through Austria by the Central Powers, but General Berthelot, in command of the Allied Missions by seniority of rank, had no faith in a German promise and warily declined the proffer, saying that if he went through Austria he would go only as the commander of his army. This left only two possible routes—by way of Siberia to Vladivostock, or by way of Lapland into the Arctic Ocean and thence into the North Sea, both entailing a journey through disturbed and disorganized Russia. It was resolved to go as far as Moscow and decide there.

The members of the American Commission left Jassy on March 9, on one of six trains carried the British, French, Serbian, and Italian Missions. Reports in the Rumanian capital as to the whereabouts of the Germans had varied greatly, but it was fairly clear that they were within fifty or sixty miles of Odessa, and that advance parties might be encountered at several points along the line. Most of the passengers aboard the train were officers and privates of the French Military Mission, and it was hardly to be expected that German guerilla bands would make any careful distinctions in favor of a few American Red Cross uniforms. Many rifles and machine guns were carried in a baggage car. These were the property of the French Military Mission; but every man, and indeed every woman, in the American party was ready to take a hand in repelling attack.

The train was piloted out of Jassy and into the danger zone by an airplane to make the party reasonably safe against the Germans. The first of the six trains left Jassy at noon on March 9, and the others followed at intervals of two and three hours. Each was provided with food for a month. There was no dining-car, and food was cooked in two military field kitchens abandoned by Russian troops on the Rumanian front and carried on a freight car at the end of the train. There were three freight trains with railway material so that the road could be repaired quickly in case of accident or if the Germans had succeeded in tearing up the line.

Map showing the flight from Rumania necessitated by advancing German troops. The twenty-five hundred mile trip from Jassy to Murmansk, the last part of which was within the Arctic Circle, took twenty-eight days

The train which carried the Americans was a most extraordinary combination of railway rolling stock. The American doctors and officers had a third-class sleeping-car, while the nurses had a second-class sleeper. Both were of ancient Russian design, without water supply or heating facilities. Candles furnished the only illumination.

The engine was nothing to brag about, dating back to 1876, and burning wood which was picked up along the line. The engineer matched the engine. He was of Bolshevik appearance and opin-

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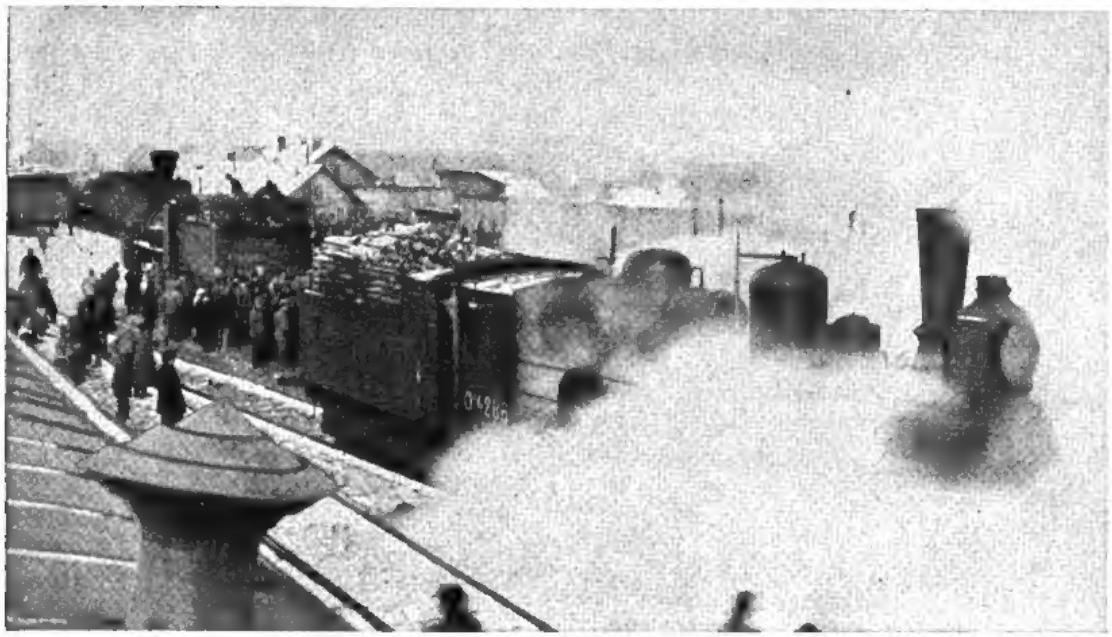

The engine dated from 1876, and burned wood which had to be picked up along the road. The journey was made in constant apprehension of both the German invaders and possible unfriendly Russians

ion, and had to be fed with roubles and cognac almost as frequently as the engine required wood. He carried his family with him in a box-car next to the engine, and whenever meals or other domestic affairs required his attention he stopped the train and went "home" to the box-car.

Just outside of Odessa, becoming dissatisfied with the flow of roubles and cognac, he struck. The French tried to reason with him, but he was obdurate. He departed with his engine and box-car, leaving the train "high and dry" on the main line. He had chosen a critical time, too. Reports were current that the Germans were likely to reach the railway any moment. After some delay the French found another engineer, and the train proceeded.

As a matter of fact, German battalions entered Odessa only thirty-six hours after the Americans passed through the city; and it is probable some advance parties already were in the suburbs when the engineer went on strike. The next day, when the train was about three hundred miles beyond Odessa, the striker, with his panting little engine and his box-car house, caught up with the train and entreated the French to take him back on their own terms. He offered as an inducement to take the party as far even as Vladivostok. The French declined, and the last that was seen of him was his engine and box-car bouncing away on a return trip to South Russia.

For the first hundred miles or so out of Odessa the trains traveled over a new railway completed only a short time before by Russian military engineers. It was a circuitous route, but it was believed the Germans were ignorant of its existence and that therefore it was safer than the old lines. On the second day, when the train was about two hundred miles north of Odessa, one of the doctors at a window saw a sudden flash of fire on the horizon, which he recognized immediately as the flash of a gun. Then came an explosion and a great geyser of earth and rocks as the shell burst in a field about half a mile from the train. Many more followed. Nobody knew what was going on, but the belief was that the train had been seen from some distant German observation post which was trying to direct the fire of its batteries on the track. The military men declared that the shells were 6.9's or larger.

The projectiles appeared to fall in regular line, as if the gunners had the railroad carefully registered; but the range was a little too great for their guns and all the shells fell slightly short. When the locomotive, pushed to its utmost, pulled the train into a station called Doinskaia, the Bolsheviki said that a battle was in progress to the north, and the train made a détour of some score of miles. During the next forty-eight hours there was hardly one without rumors of danger from Germans or guerilla bands.

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The Commission arrived in Moscow on March 16. The members were cautioned to remain on the train as there was danger of trouble from Germans or disgruntled Bolsheviki. There had been sporadic street fighting among different elements of the parties seeking to gain political control, with many casualties. During the day's stay of the Americans, however, complete calm prevailed.

Moscow, once the pride of all Russia, presented a dismal picture. The day was cold and damp. The streets were foot-deep with slush, snow and dirt. No effort had been made to clean the road-ways. It was a hardship to move on foot. Food was scarce and prohibitive in price. Thousands of Bolsheviki soldiers, unkempt and hungry-looking, walked the streets aimlessly or slept in doorways.

Tramcar service was practically suspended. All vehicular traffic was monopolized by the *isvoschik* (Russian cab-driver) who, for a mile's travel, would charge the visitor all the way from ten to fifty roubles. (The rouble has a normal value of 50 cents.)

As the information in Moscow was that there were many German prisoners under arms along the trans-Siberian line, it was resolved to strike out by way of Kola in the far north of Russia, even though that route promised privations and the hardships of a long journey through frozen Lapland.

Leaving Moscow March 17, the American Commission arrived three days later at Vologda, not far from Petrograd. The members paid a visit to the American Embassy, which consisted of three railway cars on a siding near the station. To the Red Cross people, who had lived many days in third-class coaches of antique type, it seemed that the American Ambassador was living in almost unexampled luxury, for he had a real private car of Pullman type, an excellent dining-car and a first-class sleeper.

In this picturesque, snow-covered city where everybody went about by sleigh, members of the mission had the opportunity to buy much needed kitchen utensils, kerosene for heating purposes, fur caps, and a meagre amount of food. Eggs sold for a rouble each. Meat, sugar, butter and white bread were unobtainable at any price.

The members of the Commission all looked forward with keen interest to the crossing of the Arctic Circle. It was reached early in the morning of April 4, and the event was celebrated with a dinner of Lapland turkey and wild cranberries, obtained a few days before by Lieut.-Colonel Henry W. Anderson, commanding officer of the American unit, during a game expedition along the shores of the frozen White Sea. Beyond the Arctic Circle the country became hilly, and the little wood-burning engine panted and stopped every two or three miles to catch its breath.

American Red Cross delegates starting on a cross-country trip in Lapland, in reindeer sleighs and with Laplander drivers

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American Red Cross officers on the frozen White Sea a mile from shore and just at the Arctic Circle. Captain Mills, the author of this article, is on the right, quenching his thirst with an icicle

Murmansk, eight miles from the port of Kola, which is the sailing point for steamers, was reached on April 6. It had been a month of continuous travel to make 2,500 miles under most trying conditions and all were glad to be able at last to alight and stretch weary bodies and cramped limbs. Murmansk, the northern terminus of the great Russian Kola-Petrograd railway, is a mushroom town that has sprung into being on the shores of the Arctic Ocean since the war. It resembles a Klondike mining camp, and has a population of about five hundred. During the winter the temperature drops as low as 40 below zero, while for two months in the summer it has almost tropical weather. During June and July there is such a plague of mosquitoes along the low coast line that the military officers wear mosquito nets. Practically nothing can be grown, but there is some grass to support reindeer.

There is one American among the permanent population of Murmansk. He is a young army man, Lieutenant Hugh Martin of Meridian, Miss., who bravely flies an American flag from the roof of a Russian railway car which constitutes his office and residence. This is the northernmost point in the world at which the American flag is flown. It is a weather-beaten pennant not much larger than a newspaper, and its staff is the rough bough of an Arctic firtree.

Miss Rachel Torrance, of New York City, a Red Cross nurse, on skis in Lapland

Dr. W. J. Kucera, of Hutchinson, Minnesota, a member of the Commission, climbing Mt. Kola

Lieutenant Martin, officially designated as the "United States Passport Officer," is a person of great importance in Murmansk. He speaks Russian fluently and is highly regarded by the French and British officers of the port The Bolsheviki call him "one of our leading citizens." He is actually, ex-officio, Chief Adviser to the local Bolsheviki and attends all the meetings of their *Soviets* and Committees.

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The Murmansk Bolsheviki were not a bad sort, and were on good terms with all the Allied military and naval men. Perhaps this is accounted for in part by the fact that they got nearly all their food supplies from the British admiral in charge of the port. For many months they had been eating flour, sugar, canned meat, and condensed milk—all from America. Every Murmansk Bolsheviki wore American shoes, many of which had been brought through by the American Red Cross Commission to Russia, and Murmansk was almost the only place in Russia where shoes were cheap. A pair of good shoes in Moscow or Jassy cost about $60. In Murmansk an excellent pair, made in Lynn, Mass., was offered for $5 or five pounds of sugar.

Money had little value. The citizen of Murmansk sniffed at a handful of rouble notes, but was eager to talk business if one could show him a few pounds of sugar, a can of tobacco, or a bottle of whiskey. A fine fox skin, for which the owner refused five hundred roubles, changed hands instantly for a bottle of whiskey and six ounces of tobacco. A reindeer, highly prized alike as a draft animal and for food, sold on the Murmansk curb market for about four hundred roubles, but a man with five or ten pounds of sugar and a pocketful of cigarettes could go home with as good a reindeer as there was in the town.

Murmansk is 150 miles north of the Arctic Circle, and the cold during parts of the voyage to it often was severe. None of the cars had heating arrangements, and it was necessary to keep bundled up night and day in heavy overcoats and blankets. American ingenuity made a brave effort to remedy the lack of heating arrangements by building small stoves of brick, stones, and pieces of sheet iron. These were set in the corridors and were fed with wood and charcoal.

The new order of things introduced into Russia by the Bolsheviki was in evidence constantly. Everywhere along the line the officers in charge of the train had to deal with unbidden Russian guests who thought they had as good a right as anybody else to travel on it. At night they often entered through the windows. All the Americans slept with revolvers under their pillows.

At nearly every railway station there were prolonged arguments and altercations. Excursion parties of Russian soldiers would express a desire to travel a few hundred *versts* with the Commission, and the French soldiers had to explain, sometimes politely, sometimes forcibly, that it was impossible. Once or twice a train bound in the opposite direction was encountered, and then both trains stopped for *pourparlers*, till one or the other backed to the nearest siding.

The stations were badly kept and generally had become headquarters of a sort of local *Soviet* which was anxious to impress its importance on all travelers. Waiting-rooms and platforms were filled with soldiers, ex-soldiers, Chinese coolies, nondescripts, and riff-raff. Only a few of these were travelers or would-be travelers. Most of them seemed to have settled semi-permanently in the station, and many had their families and household goods gathered around them. Probably they hoped eventually to get to some distant part of the country, but trains were few and far between, and a journey of two or three hundred miles might demand many days.

The self-constituted authorities at the stations were a continual nuisance. Every station *Soviet* had to have the whole business of the Commission explained to it; and the difficulties that arose immediately could be solved only by plentiful distribution of roubles and cognac. The amount of money distributed by the French officers in charge of the train during the four weeks' trip easily would have paid for the train twice over. The Americans wished to share the expense proportionately, but the French insisted on paying it all. They insisted also on supplementing the Americans' food supply. Rabbits, hares, reindeer, and all variety of wild fowl were captured along the way and served by the French army cooks.

The railroad line from Vologda to Murmansk has been built since the war started, and every mile of it is of American material. For miles it skirts the White Sea, an expanse of ice as far as eye can reach. Here and there were boats, large and small, frozen in and waiting for the still far-distant summer to release them.

It was pleasant to ride once more on American rails, but it was less pleasant to see, at frequent points along the line, great quantities of American rolling-stock and material lying useless and gathering rust. At one station were locomotives, many almost new, but dismantled and with various parts smashed or stolen. At another point was a great quantity of American agricultural machinery, with wire cables and copper telegraph wire in rolls as high as a man.

The food supply of both French and Americans began to give out before the train reached Murmansk, and for two weeks before the Commission sailed the diet consisted largely of reindeer meat, cooked in every imaginable way, and supplemented by a scanty ration of macaroni and black bread. The first bread of reasonably white appearance in almost a year was served on the steamer in Murmansk harbor.

On April 27 the three weeks' stay in Murmansk was ended by setting sail for a port in England. The American Commission reached England safely on May 30.

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The War Orphans of France

Communicated in Franco-American language by a Staff Correspondent of the *Stars and Stripes*

Illustrated by WILLIAM M. BERGER

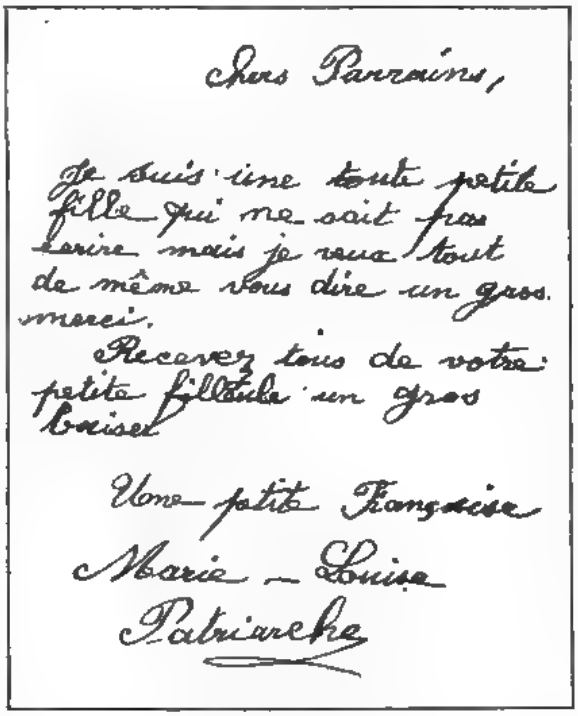
YVETTE GRODIDIER sometimes cries for her doll which, alas, was left behind when she and her mother fled in a so great haste before the invaders. It is natural that she should cry sometimes, a little; for Yvette, see you, is only six, and when one is six and one's father is dead of the war—but yet,—— Consider, after all, what a fortune has befallen! Yvette has new fathers, more than a hundred, a whole company of the tall men from that far-off, amazing America—those laughing men whose skins are bitten of a redness by the so hard weather of that region trans-Atlantic!

They adopted her this spring. Many of those American soldiers adopted many of the orphans of France. It was that other amazing American thing, that *Stars and Stripes*, the newspaper astounding, of an army which speaks what it will, that began it all.

"Who wants to extend a timely, helping hand to our best friends on this side of the world—the children of France?" So it said to its army. "Who wants to help adopt a war orphan? Take as your mascot a French war orphan!"

They are of a quickness, these Americans! They had everything planned—everything! "Five hundred francs a year," they told their army. "It amounts to nothing for a company or a detachment. It means a few sous per month per man. For a unit of two hundred men, it means little more than four cents a month."

They said it in big type, as big as their voices.



Chers Parrains,

Je suis une toute petite fille qui ne sait pas écrire mais je veux tout de même vous dire un gros merci.

Recevez tous de votre petite filleule un gros baiser

Une petite Française
Marie-Louise
Patriarche

How to Adopt a War Orphan

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F., agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs to its support.

The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers, so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or homeless waifs from the invaded districts. The adopting unit may select its child and specify its age and sex.

The money will be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement.

All the money contributed will go to the children. The expenses of administration will be borne by the Red Cross.

A photograph and the history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be advised of the child's whereabouts and notified monthly of its progress.

The Red Cross committee will determine the disposal of the child. It will either be sent to a practical agricultural or trade school or supported in a French family. The Red Cross will visit the schools or homes of the children regularly.

The very next day the captain commanding Company M,—Infantry, wrote to the *Stars and Stripes* that his company wished to adopt two children, a boy and a girl, preferably brother and sister. It was desired that they be of sufficient age to accept gifts, such as boxes of dainties.

Andre Lamulle, aged eleven, and his sister, Simone, aged ten, were the happy ones to gain the men of Company M for their *parrains*. Their father was dead three years, for he had fallen in 1915 in a battle already forgotten.

Company A, of the —— Engineers, could not

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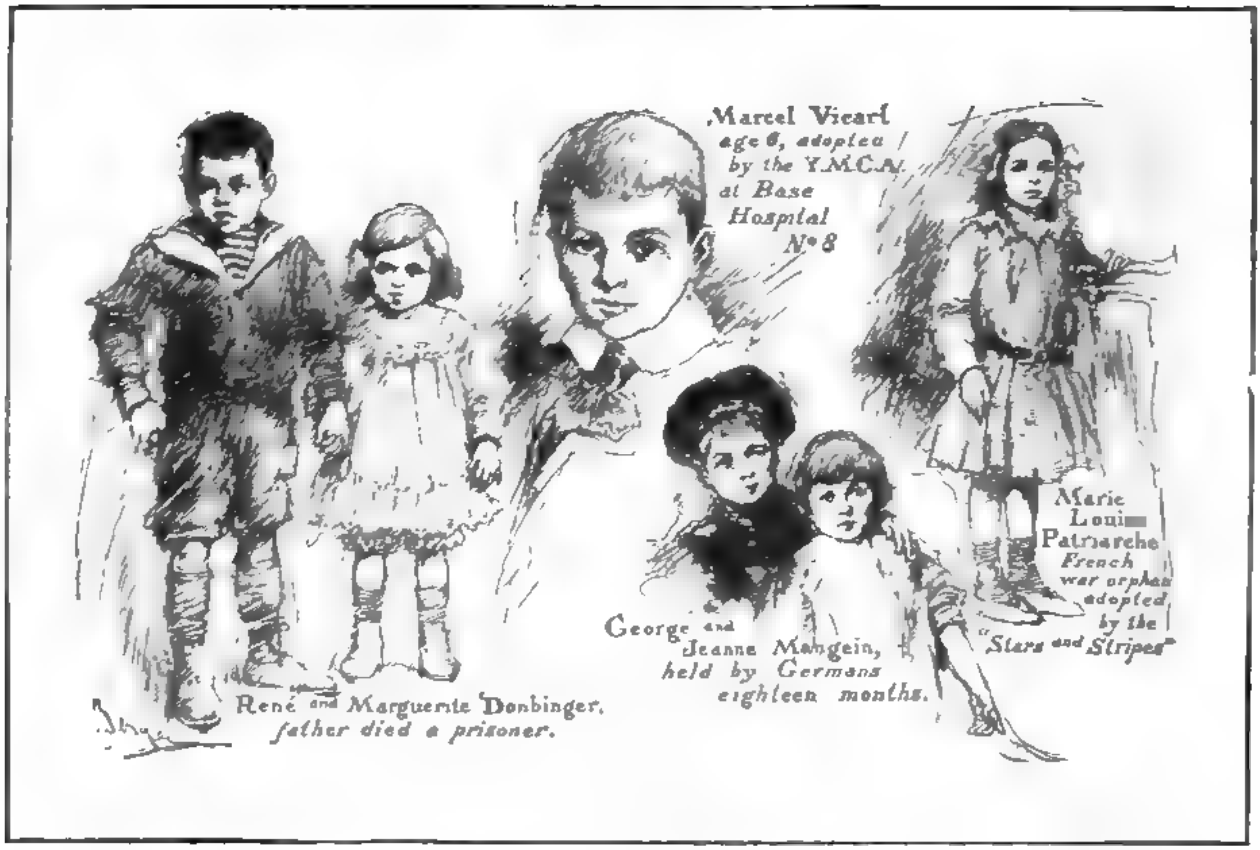

Some of the French children, either made fatherless or orphaned by Army through the efforts of the "Stars and Stripes", the news-

wait for the slow mails. It telegraphed to reserve for adoption one boy, aged six, total orphan from occupied territory. And the check for him was mailed that day.

"Reserve a boy," was the command of the staff of the Intelligence Section, General Headquarters. That was the fifth child—for you must note that, quick as these soldiers were, the staff of the *Stars and Stripes* had done what the Americans, in their strange speech, call "putting one over." They had adopted an orphan before their comrades had time to speak.

Marie-Louise Patriarche is that orphan. She is black-haired and black-eyed; and the newspaper, exulting unblushingly over its little trick, boasts joyfully that she has dimples.

Her father was a barrel-maker when the war came and made him shoulder a gun and later devoured him. Her mother is ill, and may not live much longer, but Marie-Louise does not know this. She is only three and a half years old, yet she knows that there has been something of great love done for her. So she sends her "dear parents" a great big kiss.

She sent it over her own signature. It is true that she does not know how to write, but her mother guided her hand. She says:

My dear *parrains*:

I am quite a little girl who does not know how to write, but just the same I want to say a big "Thank you." Here is a great big kiss for all of you from your *filleule*, a little French girl,

MARIE-LOUISE PATRIARCHE.

There appeared a matter which is, of a truth, astonishing. These Americans, who so love games of a ferocity, such as the game of the boxing fists and of the ball of the foot—these Americans all preferred girls. And of the girls, they preferred little ones of about six, with black hair and eyes. "They seem to have the Indian sign on this army," said the *Stars and Stripes*, and its editors felt moved to remark with some asperity: "Don't forget the boys!"

And what did these American soldier-men get in return for all this?

They got that which is, and ever has been since this troubled old world first began to know laughter and tears, the most precious and sacred and beautiful thing in it—the love of little children. Our boys will go to battle blessed with the prayers of little children. Here are

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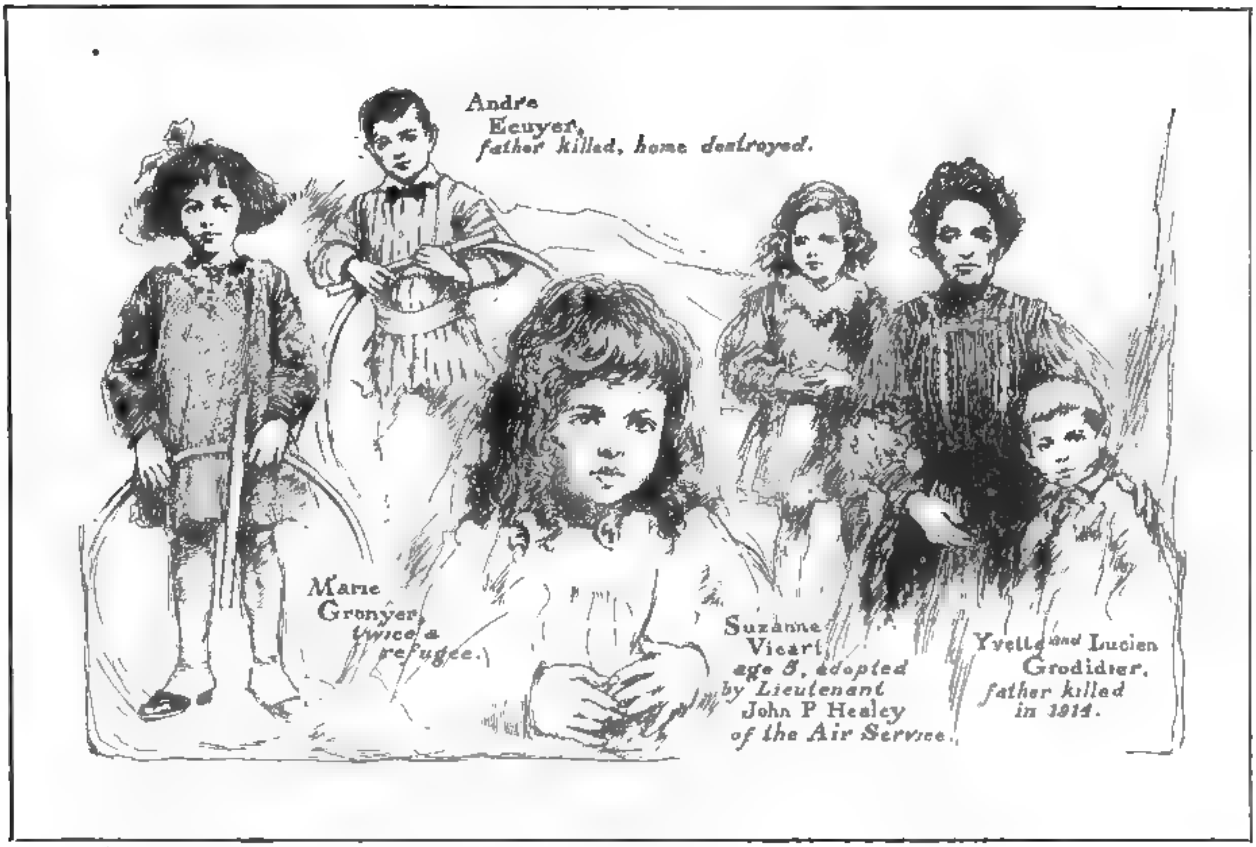

the war, who have been adopted by various units of the American paper published in France by the American Expeditionary Force

extracts from a few of the letters these adopted nestlings of France have sent through the *Stars and Stripes* to their *parrains*.

To Company L, —— Infantry:

It is a young orphan who is writing to you in answer to your kind letter. So you are interested in my welfare? I am a little girl of six years. I go to school and learn my lessons very well, and my teacher is very pleased with me.

I had a doll, but mother left it at Nancy, and when I see my friends playing with theirs, I cannot help crying, because I wish I had one too, but my mother is quite unable to buy me one, owing to the high cost of living.

I have a sole wish, and that is to make acquaintance with the good people who help us, in order to give them our best thanks and a hearty hand-shake.

Yvette Grodidier

To the —— Telegraph Battalion:

You will be wondering who is writing to you. It is a little girl from the Somme who is at present a refugee at Bernay with her mother. Owing to this horrid war we have lost everything and our poor house is under a daily bombardment.

I heartily thank you for wishing to help us. I am now living at Bernay with my mother who is obliged to work for our living, as she has only the military allocation and no other assistance. I am going to school, but when I come back it is very hard to see mother crying.

I send my letter, dear sirs, with my most grateful thanks for your kindness, and please accept the most affectionate greetings of a little French girl.

Gilberte Dieu.

To Lieutenant E. L. W——:

I heard to-day that I have American friends! How glad I am! Although I do not know you, I should like to know at once what are your names and where you are. I wonder you selected me because the photograph sent you was very bad and I look stupid in it.

I am ten years old and am born in Dakar (Sénégal) I go to school at Janson de Sailly and am beginning to learn Latin. I learn English also and won a good place at composition, but I wish I knew it quite well in order to be able to speak.

On Thursdays we go to the Bois de Boulogne where we all play together. Since mother has died, we live with grandmother and auntie, who stays with us because uncle is at the front. I don't know what I shall do when I am grown, but I want to be like my darling father. We are not afraid of the Gothas or guns.

I shall try to send you a better picture of myself and send you all a big kiss. I am so glad to have friends like you!

Your little Robert Trousselle

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Great-Hearted Coal Miners

By Hortense Flexner

THE miner understands necessity. He understands it in a face-to-face and personal way. Because he is familiar with danger, and because he has seen men hurt, he is ready to give and give again to the Red Cross. It is part of his code that a need must be met. If a man is injured in the mine, a "paper is taken" for him. Somebody goes round with a slip of paper and the men sign up for the amount of money they can give the family, until the bread-winner is able to work again. It is an old custom, many years older than the war. It has grown out of the miner's recognition of need—human need. To-day the Red Cross is "taking a paper" for the men in France. And the miners, great-hearted people, gentle, with lonely eyes that can visualize human suffering, are pledging their strength to meet the need.

I'M WILLIN' to give everything but what it takes fer the bare necessities. They need it. Us fellows kin have what we want. They take what they git."

It was a long speech for the big, slow giant of a miner, stopped at the entrance of an East Kentucky coal mine, with the lamp in his cap still burning and the black powder of the coal on his face and chest. He was telling why he had given the wages of a day's labor to the Red Cross during the last drive.

"They need it," he said with large finality, speaking unaware for hundreds of heavy-muscled, silent men like himself, working alone, day by day, "fighting the face of the coal like it was a Prussian"—and thinking.

"We give 'em a day," said an older man, with a son in France. "Thur ain't no tellin' how many they give us—mebbe all they got."

Another man, grimy, embarrassed at being questioned, braced a big hand against the wall.

"A day ain't enough," he brought out slowly. "I'd give a day a month to the Red Cross. So would all the boys."

"Did the men get out as much coal on Red Cross Day as on other days?"

"As much! More! They kept a-thinkin' who it wuz fer."

There is always something personal in the references of the miners to the army. "They," with a wave of the hand to indicate far places, "the fellows," "the boys"—never the soldiers. To the miners, the men in France are intimates, friends in danger, doing the day's work, "takin' what they git." There are no camps in the mountains, no uniforms, very few war posters. The military atmosphere is lacking. But in no place could there be a keener appreciation of the meaning of the war, or more vivid realization of what the men in the trenches are living through.

The success of the second Red Cross drive in the mining section of Kentucky was due to three chief causes; the inborn and stiff-necked loyalty of the mountain people to the Government; to the excellent plan of work and education mapped out in the office of the State War Fund by J. R. Downing, campaign manager, and S. W. Calder, executive secretary. The third and very important factor in the success of the drive was the chapter war fund managers, the men and women of the isolated mountain counties who went from mining camp to mining camp, town to town, spreading the word of the Red Cross.

The result of the drive is not wholly known at this writing. But this is known. The nine separate coal divisions of the state totaled more than two hundred thousand dollars. Counties far up in the hills, remembered chiefly because of the long blood feuds of the mountaineers, exceeded their quotas many times. In the most remote places, beyond the railroad, the Red Cross flag hangs in the windows of tiny log cabins and country stores; it stands above the noisy coal tipples, where the little cars from the mine run straight down the mountains to dump the coal in freight cars; and in some camps, it shows above the black mouth of the mine itself. The word has been spread.

Harlan County, for the most part mining camps and very small towns, raised six times as much money as it was asked for, giving forty-three thousand dollars instead of seven thousand five hundred. Bell County contributed forty-two thousand dollars, though its quota was fifteen

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James Bullins, who won the gold medal at Kettle Island, and John Butler, the second prize man

John S. Prater, a medal miner at the Te Jay Mine, who is "a little old to fight"

Linnis Lasley won the third medal for Bell County by doing his "best on Red Cross Day"

Virgil Moore earned $25.56 on Red Cross Day. He stands ready to "back up the fellows in France"

Henry Beaute, a Red Cross worker for Harlan, mined twenty-two dollars' worth of coal on Red Cross Day

F. D. Perkins, Superintendent of Schools at Harlan; and Budd Chambers, who gave $28.50

IN THE COAL REGIONS OF KENTUCKY

The miners, great-hearted people, gentle, with lonely eyes that can visualize human suffering, gave each the wages of a day's labor to the Red Cross

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thousand. Perry County ran far ahead of its allotment and Crittenden, which yields fluor-spar, gave a carload of that to the Red Cross, instead of coal. Rivalry between counties was keen, as it was keen between individual workers, everybody doing his best, remembering "who it wuz fer." In the west coal section the operators gave the coal and the miners their wages.

The plan developed by the State War Fund office to interest the miners, originated with Mr. Calder, who suggested that the miners be asked to give a day's labor to the Red Cross and that the operators be asked to duplicate whatever the men gave. This seemed a difficult proposition at first. For one thing, the miners were prejudiced against the Red Cross. When the last strike was settled a clause was inserted in the agreement, providing that every miner who stayed away from work without lawful excuse should be fined one dollar for every day's absence. The fine, which had to be given to some impersonal good work, was given to the Red Cross. But the men did not like the fine, and their dislike spread to the recipient of it. A man who was fined would say, in no friendly spirit, that he had been "red-crossed."

To change this impression the State War Fund office secured the aid of Major Gledhill of the British Army, Colonel Perowne and Captain Harris. These men had "been in the war," and had been wounded in battle. For two weeks they stayed in the mountains, going from camp to camp, talking to the men, telling straight facts. In the end the miners were won. When Mr. Downing sent out a pledge card asking the question, "If you knew that a day's pay would save a life, would you give that day?" the men answered "Yes."

Next, the operators were visited and consulted about duplicating the men's wages. One by one they agreed. Placards were sent out to the mines and the men made ready to do a hard day's work for the Red Cross. In several counties medals were offered as prizes; in others, flags. The mines in the west section gave the men a day's rest before May 21, so that the results should be the best possible.

The amounts earned by the men on Red Cross Day varied according to their strength and the vein of coal. The fact that the coal is cut out by machine and only loaded on cars by the men, makes it possible for them to load thirteen, fifteen, sometimes twenty and twenty-five cars a day. For each car filled the miner receives one dollar.

Photograph by Choate, Harlan

Wash day on the Cumberland, in the heart of the mining district

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A mountain house. The Red Cross shows in the windows of many log cabins like this one

James Bullins did a record day's work for the Red Cross in the mine of the Pioneer Coal and Coke Company at Kettle Island. This mine is in Bell County, and it was organized by the Rev. J. Wood Browning of Pineville, a worker who understands the men, the mines and the need. Bullins won the gold medal in the county, earning seventeen dollars and thirty-two cents on Red Cross Day.

"Yes, I did my best fer the Red Cross," said James Bullins, coming out of the rain into the superintendent's office. He is a tall lean man, perhaps thirty-five, with fine blue eyes looking strangely bright, because of the black dust all over his face and beard. "It wuzn't nuthin' to do. Why wouldn't I? If we lose, we ain't got nuthin' nohow."

Another miner who had won second prize, John Butler, whose earnings amounted to fifteen dollars and seventy-eight cents, appeared at the door. Butler has a boy in France.

"I had a helper that day," said Butler. "I wanted to take out all I could. I felt like I wu adoin' it fer the boy."

"Pretty hard work, isn't it, loading fiftee cars of coal?"

"Yes, it's hard. But it ain't nuthin' to wha they're doin' fer us. An' the coal is needed I'm willin' to give a day whenever they ask fer it.

The superintendent came in, J. N. Woolum "The men liked the idea of Red Cross Day righ away," said Mr. Woolum, "it wasn't forced o them. It was their affair to accept or refus Not a man refused."

Linnis Lasley won the third medal. Lasle is a great-boned fellow with slow, kind eyes.

"I got out all the coal I had. I would hav loaded more, but I had to wait for the machin to cut more coal. That took up the time. wanted to do my best on Red Cross Day. Th boys need it. If we could see over there, reckon it would look mighty bad."

There were men, however, in some of the mine

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who refused to work for the Red Cross. When they refused, they did not realize just how the other miners would "take it." Budd Chambers, of the Lick Branch Mine at Coxton in Harlan County, told how one of these men was treated. Chambers, incidentally, earned twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents.

"One fellow threatened to give only five dollars," said Chambers. "We told him we'd drag him out, and he changed his mind. But they did drag some out at Straight Creek. There was one man there who said he wouldn't give a cent. That was beforehand. When the day came, he did just what everybody else did. I guess he knew how we felt. If he hadn't worked, we made it up to take a collection and give him the money for the Red Cross."

Budd Chambers is an ex-marine and feels keenly about the war. He paused a minute and went on.

"But a man who'd be a slacker would be it one place as well as another. You can't make a fellow do good work if he don't want to. I believe in standin' 'em up against a wall and shootin' 'em."

In some of the mines, the companies found it necessary to take out the men who had "turned down" the Red Cross and move them to other locations. The feeling ran so high that the loyal miners refused to work with them. Three weeks after the drive a man came to the chairman with a day's wages. The men had refused to work with him and, though he was so late, he was forced to give his share.

"The men don't forget," said Virgil Moore, a great tall fellow, who earned twenty-five dollars and fifty-six cents on Red Cross Day. "If a man ain't ready to back up the fellows in France, something is wrong with him, and mighty wrong."

Harlan County was organized for the Red Cross by F. D. Perkins, Superintendent of Schools, and every corner of his district was reached. As one of the miners put it, "Thur can't no pro-German stay in Harlan." Mr. Perkins began his work two weeks before the drive, getting in touch with men and operators. He did not limit the idea of giving the day's work to miners, but extended it to all "earning people," including physicians, lawyers, teachers, clerks, and postmasters. Every business house in "Harlan Town" was asked for its profits on that day and not one refused. Bulletins were published during Red Cross week announcing returns, and everybody watched the big Red Cross thermometer, where the mercury crawled up and up.

The Harlan Coal Gas Company was one of the mines where everybody "did his best." The women in the mining camp were as keenly interested as the men and one of them, standing in her door-way with some five or six children about her, said:

"I wanted my man to take out all he could. We kin spare it. When people is sick and when they is hurt, it ain't no time to stand back." The cabin had two rooms at the most, and a man's earnings must have been useful every day. But the mountain people do not "stand back" when it is not time to "stand back."

Henry Beaute is one of the big "Red Cross fighters" for Harlan. But at first he worked under difficulties. This was because one night he made a statement that somebody interpreted wrongly. Beaute was arrested as a pro-German, tried and released. But his feelings were outraged and he went to Mr. Perkins, to ask to be used in some special way on Red Cross Day, to prove his loyalty. Mr. Perkins gave him the pledge cards which the miners were to sign, and Beaute proved that he was in earnest by getting every man at Tway to sign.

"I wanted a chanst to show 'em," said Beaute, "and I did. One thing that made me work so hard, though, was because they claimed the Gov'ment needed the coal." (Beaute got out twenty-two dollars' worth of coal on Red Cross Day.) "Besides," he said, "I asked every man to give—the men workin' on the outside. I proved I wasn't no German."

He stopped a minute and went on. "I'm goin' to git in this fight yet. They ben showin' pitchers uv the Kaiser in this town and I seen 'em. The Kaiser's pitcher gits in my blood. Hit makes me so mad I throw the coal plum over the cars. The Kaiser and his gineration are goin' to be killed out."

At Te Jay one of the big mining camps, and one of the most beautiful, is located. The hills are all around, and the little houses at the foot of them are well built and well cared for. The Commissary is a real department store and is managed like one. The Balkan Mine at Te Jay won the silk flag in Bell County for its contribution of twenty-one hundred dollars.

John R. Prater, one of the men who won a medal, explained his motive.

"We'd never done much fer the war down here, an' we wanted to help the Gov'ment. I'm a little old to fight, but I ain't no better than them as is gone, and when my turn comes, I'll go."

John S. White, financial secretary of Local Union 3323, worked day and night for the drive.

"I told 'em," said White, "that if they think it's nice to work eight hours and go home, they ought to think of the fellows who can't. Us miners are at the bottom of the war. We feel proud of our task and we are going to take out the coal as long as the country needs it."

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The Long Vigil

By Thomas T. Topping

Illustrated by PAUL MEYLAN

OUT of the German invasion of Belgium have come many stories—not only of bravery and self-sacrifice, but of noble vengeance, all showing the spirit of the Belgian people. "The Long Vigil" is a true tale. It is one of thousands which, for years to come, will give readers a thrill of indignation and horror. The story is told by Mr. Thomas T. Topping, who was private secretary to Brand Whitlock, the American Minister to Belgium. Mr. Topping's duties took him to many parts of Belgium and gave him a full opportunity to witness the German brutality to the unfortunate Belgians.

LOUVAIN was burning. The sinister glare of its ever-mounting flames lighted up the Chaussée de Tervueren and guided the procession of desolation that was staggering out of the doomed city. The date was August 25, 1914.

This exodus of despair seemed to have no determined destination but plodded wearily along toward the west. For somewhere in the west there was freedom, there was help. Death or slavery lurked behind but in the west there were life and liberty. Thus from time immemorial in hours of stress, suffering, and pain, unfortunates have looked to the west for relief.

In that caravan of misery walked a young woman. Her step, which once had been light and gay, was now dragging and painful. The slow progress of the aged, the infirm, the mothers bearing their babies in arms was too rapid for the numbed brain that refused to propel her vigorous limbs, and she fell steadily behind. Finally she stopped, hesitated, stumbled to the roadside, and sank down disconsolately on a milestone the arrow of which bore the inscription: "Louvain 7 Kil."

For long hours she remained there as if fascinated by the horror of the sight, heeding not the rattle of the machine guns which mowed down the peaceful civilian population of Louvain or the distant rumble of the artillery which was smashing its way across the Dyle over the bodies of the brave Belgian soldiers. She gave not a glance to the ever-passing throng on the road, but gazed steadfastly ahead at the pyre on which hundreds of peace-loving men, helpless women, and feeble children were being sacrificed to the Moloch of war that Germany might rule *über alles*.

For it was another scene that her eyes were looking upon then. Through the barrier of fire that separated her from her home she saw another tragedy which, although enacted on the previous evening, seemed distant and unreal.

Rosa was the eldest of a middle-class Belgian family of three—two girls and one boy. Their little house on the Rue de ——, a street leading into the Rue de la Station, was cozy, cheerful, and clean. Flowers bloomed in the garden and wisteria vines hung over the walls. The father earned a comfortable living by his trade as a gunsmith, the two younger children attended school; while Rosa, who was just budding into womanhood, helped a feeble mother to care for the little home.

Then came the Germans. For three days "order reigned in Louvain." The population remained indoors and glared at the invaders from behind closed shutters. Then occurred the battle near Tirlemont, the German's temporary setback, the disorderly retreat of two or more companies which entered Louvain in a state of panic, firing as they ran.

Immediately, the Germans, in the agony of fear that seemed to characterize them during those early days in Belgium, overran the Rue de la Station and other adjoining streets, shooting at random, breaking into houses, wantonly murdering, pillaging, sacking, burning. "Someone has fired," they would cry, in a vain attempt to condone their own cowardice.

On the night of August 24th, to the angry shouts of "*Mann hat geschossen*," a squad of drunken German soldiers, led by a huge brute wearing the uniform of a non-commissioned officer, invaded the house of the gunsmith.

Kneeling in the parlor, the family was responding to the evening prayers read by the mother. The firing in the streets was terrific and houses were burning all around.

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Suddenly the doors were battered in; soldiers rushed into the room. "Hands up!" they shouted. The mother fainted.

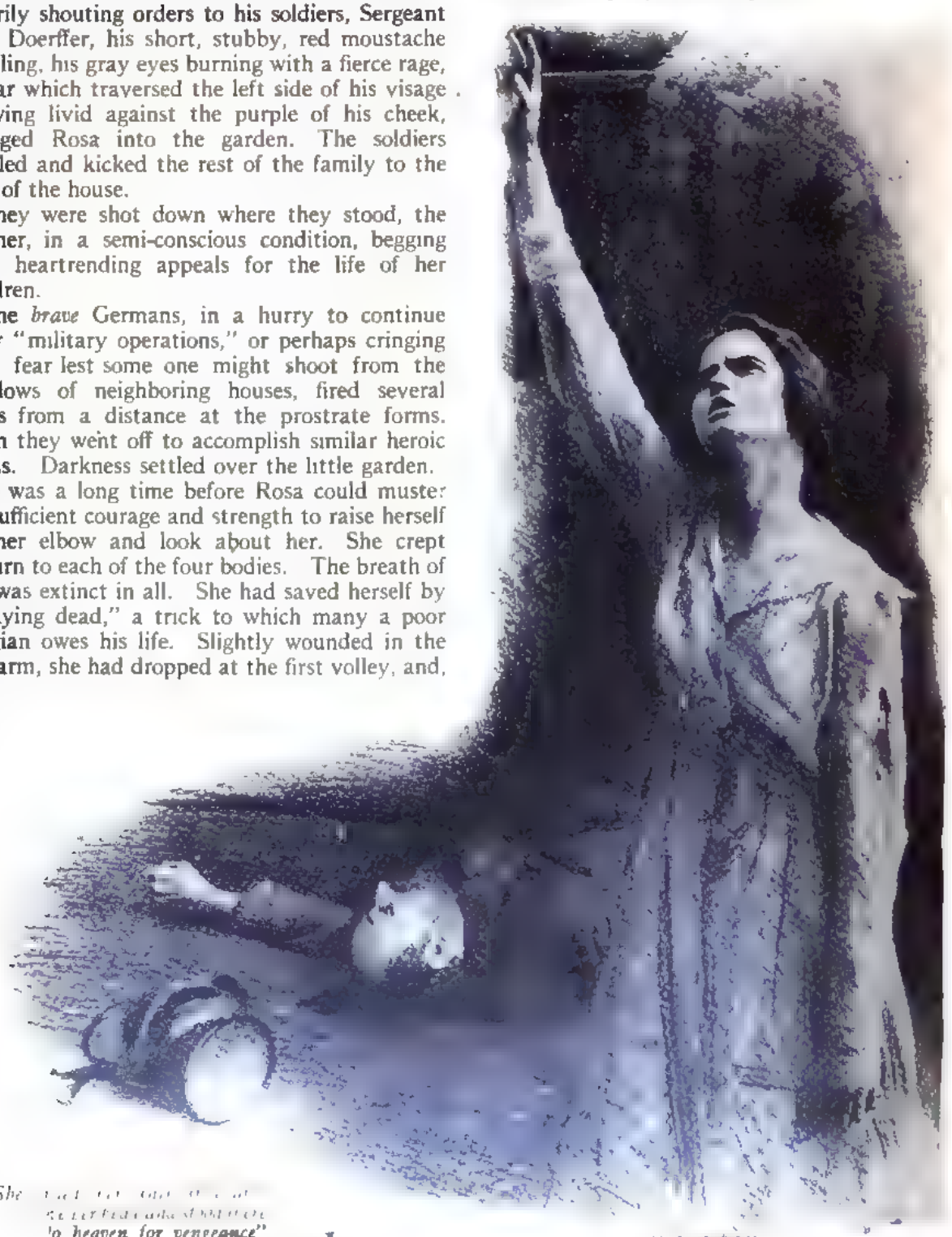
A quick ransacking of the house, the discovery of the gunsmith's workshop which resembled a miniature arsenal—revolvers lying all about awaiting repairs, obsolete arms, weapons of all sorts—and the doom of the household was sealed. Angrily shouting orders to his soldiers, Sergeant Von Doerffer, his short, stubby, red moustache bristling, his gray eyes burning with a fierce rage, a scar which traversed the left side of his visage showing livid against the purple of his cheek, dragged Rosa into the garden. The soldiers hustled and kicked the rest of the family to the rear of the house.

They were shot down where they stood, the mother, in a semi-conscious condition, begging with heartrending appeals for the life of her children.

The *brave* Germans, in a hurry to continue their "military operations," or perhaps cringing with fear lest some one might shoot from the windows of neighboring houses, fired several shots from a distance at the prostrate forms. Then they went off to accomplish similar heroic deeds. Darkness settled over the little garden.

It was a long time before Rosa could muster up sufficient courage and strength to raise herself on her elbow and look about her. She crept in turn to each of the four bodies. The breath of life was extinct in all. She had saved herself by "playing dead," a trick to which many a poor Belgian owes his life. Slightly wounded in the left arm, she had dropped at the first volley, and, as the other shots had been fired by the soldiers as they were backing away from their victims and out of the garden, none had struck her.

She knelt by the body of her mother, her thin little skirt wet with the blood that soaked into the moist earth, and she prayed God for the repose of the souls that had been so violently snatched from those rapidly stiffening bodies.



"She ... to heaven for vengeance"

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Then arising, she lifted her uninjured arm high above her head and stood there crying to heaven for vengeance.

Nimbly scaling the garden gate, keeping close to the walls of the houses, at times hiding in doorways to escape the bullets that were flying in the streets, she made her way to the Porte de Tervueren, out into the country, and joined the exodus of homeless that was wending its way toward the west.

And such was the picture Rose was looking at, through unseeing eyes, while sitting on that milestone all that long night.

Day was just breaking behind the curtain of fire that surrounded Louvain when she finally arose, turned, and slowly, without once looking back, joined the now rapidly decreasing procession and went on toward the west.

The lights were bright in the X—— Hotel on the night of September 25, 1915, and the crowd that filled the huge café was chatting gaily and noisily. The Belgians had long since ceased to frequent the place, for the Germans had adopted it as the scene for displaying their guzzling achievements and for satisfying their Gargantuan appetites. And Germans and Belgians did not meet.

But to-night the latter were there in force and formed more than half of the assembled populace. Their attitude toward the oppressors of their country was even more distant than usual—if that were possible—but there seemed to be a note of enthusiasm and cheer in their conversation that had been lacking since that day in August, of the previous year, when the colossal German army had swooped down upon their beloved capital.

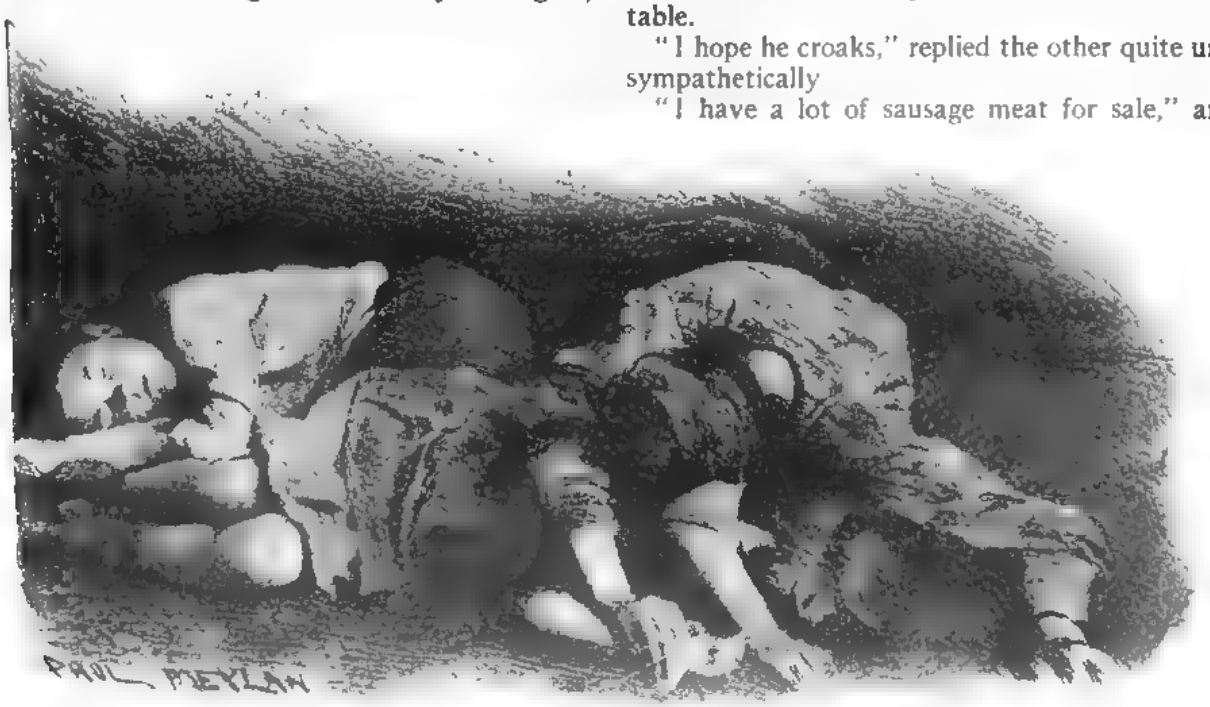
Two days before, the English had hit the German lines at Loos and the French had struck in Champagne. And all through the night long trains had stood in the railroad yards at Schaerbeck, Etterbeck, and in the Luxemburg station to replenish their stores of water and coal before proceeding to Germany. And despite all the efforts of vigorous cleaners, sweepers, and washwomen, a trail of blood had been left behind them that could not be eradicated. Huge automobiles had whirled through the city from nightfall until daybreak—the Germans never allowed their wounded to come through Brussels in the daytime if it could be avoided—and all had stopped before the improvised hospitals that the occupants had established in the Palace of the King, the Military School, the Academy of Arts, and numerous other public buildings.

Hope ran high in the breasts of the Belgians, for despite absolute silence on the part of the efficiently censored press, news had filtered in from Holland—news always filtered in from Holland somehow—that the long-promised, great Allied offensive was on. Thus the Belgians drank their beer; and their conversation, which had been subdued for so long, was now high-pitched and loud. They spoke of everything but the offensive, and the clumsy German spies who sat at nearby tables could find no pretext for arresting them.

"My uncle William is very ill to-night," said a bearded little Walloon in a mournful tone to a friend of his who had just taken his seat at the table.

"I hope he croaks," replied the other quite unsympathetically

"I have a lot of sausage meat for sale," an-



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nounced a well-groomed young man who resembled more a bank clerk than a pork butcher.

"I think I shall wait a little before I buy," responded the prospective purchaser, "the price is sure to drop."

Such is the lack of humor in the German character that the sneaking spies or rotund officers in the vicinity failed completely to see in the above remarks any reference to the health of the Kaiser or to the killing of countless German soldiers.

At a table in a corner of this hotel sat a frail little girl. She was barely seventeen years old, and very different from the other women, who ogled German officers or sat at tables drinking with them. There was no rouge on her lips, and her pale complexion was not artificially flushed by a coat of paint. No black pencil had been needed to enhance the darkness of her beautiful long eyebrows. She sat there looking at no one, her eyes hardly wavering from the entrance to the café. She played nervously with a spoon in a cup that had long since been emptied of its contents and her face bore a look of intense sadness.

Her pedigree was unknown. She was one of the most puzzling specimens that frequented that world-renowned hotel. The girl had first appeared at the café about a year before. Since then she had been a nightly customer. Promptly at the stroke of eight she would take up her place at one of the four tables which commanded a full view of the main entrance. She would order a cup of coffee, sip it leisurely, and remain at her point of vantage until closing time. She never spoke to any one.

Numerous *feldwebels* (non-commissioned officers), proud of the Iron Crosses that hung on their chests, had attempted to engage her in conversation, in that gentle way *feldwebels* have of addressing the world-at-large in general, and unaccompanied women in particular, but she had scorned their advances with a disdainful stare.

Haughty captains by the score, after scribbling an invitation on their cards, had asked the waiter to take them to the lonely girl; but the pasteboards were invariably returned with a little notation on the back, the Belgian equivalent for "Nothing doing." One of the officers, more enterprising than the rest and somewhat the worse for beer, had attempted to force his attentions upon her; but she had calmly appealed to the manager and the *politzeis* had been called in to expel the bibulous captain.

It was common talk in the café that she was looking for a tall, red-headed German officer, with a tooth-brush moustache and a scar on the left side of his face. A friend of hers said she had known him in Louvain before the war. He was a non-commissioned officer then but he may have been promoted since.

At the beginning of the war there were a good many red-headed officers in the German army but with each month of campaigning their number decreased—not the red-headed ones in particular but German officers in general. But if red-headed officers were relatively plentiful, red-headed officers with stubby moustaches and scars extending from temple to chin on the left sides of their faces were not quite so common.

"Finally . . . she sank down disconsolately on a milestone"

She worked in a lace shop, and earned about six francs a day, one of which she spent every night for her coffee. At first she insisted on giving the waiter the change in return for the little service rendered her in reporting all cases of red-headed, stubby-moustached, scar-faced officers that came in, but he succeeded in prevailing upon her to keep the few zinc pieces that were due to her out of her franc after she had paid for her coffee.

Night after night, with a desperate regularity, she was always at her accustomed place in the X—— Hotel—patient, silent, apparently oblivious of her surroundings.

But, aside from a few Germans in search of conviviality, no one ever spoke to her. The Belgians looked upon her with loathing for, on a few occasions, she had been observed conversing with German officers, and that alone was sufficient reason for social ostracism, even in that world

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"She sat there night after night, her sad face illumined by a hidden purpose, from the accomplishment of which no humiliation could deter her"

which congregated in the café of the X—— Hotel. Her quiet behavior, her aloofness and general demeanor had caused her to be regarded as a spy by her compatriots.

The girl endured the scorn of her countrymen without flinching. With unruffled patience she sat there night after night, her sad face illumined by a hidden purpose, from the accomplishment of which no humiliation could deter her.

One morning the German police were called to a hotel of questionable reputation in the vicinity of the railroad station. A German officer had been found dead in one of the rooms.

As the body was being hoisted into the automobile, one could see that the deceased had been a huge man; a part of the head which protruded from under a blanket revealed a shock of red hair. The landlady said that he had a scar on the left side of his face. Accompanied by a young woman, he had rented a room about eleven o'clock the previous evening. His military papers, of which he appeared very proud—having evidently been recently promoted—read Lieutenant Von Doerffer.

The maid had found the body early that morning. A tumbler half filled with white wine, near an empty bottle, contained a strong solution of chloral. A long steel hat pin was planted clear through the heart. The young woman had disappeared.

A few days afterward the hatless body of a girl was picked up in the Vilvorde Canal. It was never identified.

. . . . . .

The table in the corner of the café at the X—— Hotel has been vacant ever since.

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Georges Clémenceau—author, editor, statesman—one of the out-standing figures of the war

Thanks From France's Premier

FRANCE will never be able to express to America what the coming of the American Red Cross has meant to her.

The Red Cross has already accomplished a most admirable errand of mercy in dressing the wounds of the soldiers and the sailors. This war is a war of nations. The armies alone are not to fight. War is not concentrated in the trenches; it is fought also behind the lines. It is a battle where the spirit of the civilian population, as well as that of the army, is at stake.

The American Red Cross organization has made it magnificently clear to France what serious and productive efforts America is capable of accomplishing.

You Americans have not come over here with the intention of claiming credit, but in an unselfish spirit, without asking for anything except permission to help us.

The work you are doing has brought you very close to our wounded men, to the sick and destitute people of France, as well as to our little children. It has gained you their love.

You have placed America's experience at the service of our own experience; you have given us your medical support to aid us in alleviating the intense sufferings of the war. You have been business-like as well as friendly, and our gratitude is unbounded.

The present struggle is an ordeal for all of us and the aid that the Red Cross has given France is invaluable to us, because it shows America's true spirit which, more than ever, is united to the spirit of France, and gives us the assurance that you will be with us to hold to the end.

GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU,
Premier, Minister of War.

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"The Tiger" of France

By Paul Louis Hervier

PAUL LOUIS HERVIER is a distinguished and able young French author, a writer for the leading magazines. He has travelled extensively and has made a special study of Germany and her leaders; and, since our entrance into the war, he has lived much among Americans in France. Mr. Hervier is at present working in conjunction with the American Red Cross in France. He is the author of "The Super-Huns," "The Two Williams," and "The American Volunteers," which is his most recent work.

NOT long ago I heard a Frenchman say that France had been saved three times during this war, and that up to the present time there were three great names which would go down forever in history—these are the Marne, Verdun, and Clémenceau.

This is a slight indication of the popularity of M. Clémenceau in France to-day.

Georges Clémenceau's father was a doctor at Mouilleron-en-Pareds in the Department of Vendée. Like father, like son. The doctor was one of the best men in the world, but a vigorous enemy of the Empire. He inculcated early in his son a hatred for a régime which would weaken France. So young Georges, who was studying at Nantes, became a radical Republican. During the summer months the future Prime Minister spent his holidays with his father and enjoyed the pleasures of the country. He canoed on the calm waters of the river, fished in the little pond by the mill, and mixed with the simple peasants, whose ancient beliefs, peopled with songs and stories, gave a light turn to his somewhat serious mind. This serious mind, however, early formed ideas of liberty and independence.

Most people have forgotten that Georges Clémenceau spent two years in America. One day, taking his courage in his hands, he asked his father's permission to go to the United States. This having been granted, a month later the young man arrived in New York where he took a position as librarian, which he held for several months.

Unfortunately his father neglected to send him remittances and he had to change his manner of living. So he sought and found a position as professor of French in a school for young ladies at Hartford, Connecticut. The school mistress was essentially a practical person and, upon learning that her French professor was no mean horseman, she decided to make double use of him; she had him accompany the girls on their horseback rides across country. Imagine the future Premier of France galloping along, in the midst of the smiling country, surrounded by a dozen beautiful young girls, giving them French lessons in the open air!

After two years of this life he returned to France. Mouilleron-en-Pareds offered no resources to his ambitious soul, so he went to Paris to study medicine. It was the time of the true Latin Quarter. He worked hard, yet his life was full of intellectual disturbances. He frequented the cafés and the wine-shops, not to drink, like some of his comrades, but to follow the thoughts of the youth of the day. His entry into politics dates from this moment.

Radical newspapers were even then being published in the Latin Quarter. The students had large generous ideas, and they expressed them with unrestrained force, vehemence, and passion. Clémenceau, with Jules Ferry and Jules Méline, edited a little journal entitled *Le Travail* (Work). This led him into many new avenues. But first of all it led him to the Probationary Court, and then to the prison at Mazas. They tell a story of how the patrol wagon, in which he made the journey from the court to the prison (aptly christened by the French the "salad-bowl"), was crowded and Georges Clémenceau made the journey seated in the lap of a murderer.

On the 4th of the following September, he was asked to become Mayor of Montmartre. The offer was too alluring for him to refuse. He was full of zeal and momentous questions soon arose. France was in danger. The German attack of 1870 was on. It was war, famine, and the terrors and horrors of the Siege, soon followed by the tragedy of the Commune. The Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas were assassinated by fanatics and the young Mayor spent many anxious days. M Clémenceau says about that bloody affair:

"They accused me of being an accomplice in the murder of the Generals—a deliberate falsehood. This is what really happened. Two hundred prisoners, whom I had to protect against

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popular fury, were confined in the town-hall the day of the murder of the Generals. I could know nothing of what was going on outside. I heard in a neighboring square gay music accompanying the tramp of marching troops. I believed that General Thomas was safely out of France and I knew that General Lecomte was a prisoner at Châteaurouge, but under the care of brave and determined men. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a captain came running up and told me that the two Generals had been led to a neighboring house and were in great and imminent danger. My duty was to rush to their assistance; but who would take care of my prisoners! There happened to be in my office one of my young friends, a student; to him I delegated my powers and made him *per interim* Mayor of Montmartre and hurried out, followed by the captain. However, some one stopped me and said: 'There is no need of going any further. You are too late. All is done.' Around me I saw looks of hatred, I heard curses and angry cries, and I heard shouts of 'Treason! Treason!' They believed that I was following the bloody policy of M. Thiers. I was carried along, buffeted by the crowd, threatened with fists and revolvers, and it took me an hour to retrace my ten-minute walk from the *Mairie*."

Since that time M. Clémenceau has never passed a single year out of politics. He has been in turn Councillor-General and Municipal Councillor of Paris. Later he became Deputy for the Department of Seine, and Senator for the Department of Var, and from time to time he has edited political papers such as *La Justice* (Justice), *L'Aurore* (Dawn), and *L'Homme Libre* (The Free Man). An anecdote, which shows clearly M. Clémenceau's doggedness of purpose, is connected with this last named paper, *L'Homme Libre*. The paper was founded a little before the outbreak of the present war. When the censorship was installed they found it necessary to cut and omit certain fiery articles. As it was impossible to do otherwise, M. Clémenceau regretfully bowed to the inevitable and cut them out; but the next day he changed the title of the paper and it became *L'Homme Enchaîné* (The Man in Irons) instead of *L'Homme Libre* (The Free Man).

The day on which M. Clémenceau was elected Prime Minister the paper, to show that full liberty was now in order, appeared once more under its former title of *L'Homme Libre*.

M. Clémenceau, either in the *Chambre des Députés* or the *Sénat*, has always had one specialty, that of upsetting ministries. He has

The French soldiers adore M. Clémenceau, and he is often among them. Here he is at Beaumont, accompanied by Generals Deleney and Passaga

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The soldiers are very close to M. Clémenceau's heart. Anything pertaining to them moves him deeply. He has gone to Alsace, in this picture, away to the east

frequently been dubbed "The Destroyer," but this has been changed, on account of his quickness of action and his constant sharp attacks, to "*Le Tigre*" (The Tiger). Mention "the Tiger" to any Frenchman you may meet, and he will know instantly whom you mean and reply, without even using the title of Monsieur, "Ah! yes, Clémenceau."

In 1879 he began by overthrowing the Ministry of M. Marcère. In 1881 came the turn of M. Ferry's cabinet. In 1882 that of Gambetta, after only two months of existence; and then he overthrew successively M. de Freycinet, M. Ferry, M. Brisson, once more M. de Freycinet, M. Goblet, and others. Recently he overthrew the cabinet of M. Ribot by arousing public sentiment about the treason of Bolo Pasha and his associates.

M. Clémenceau is not only a statesman, but he is also a true man of letters. He has written "*Le Grand Pan*" ("The Great Pan") and "*Au Pied du Sinai*" ("At the Foot of Sinai"). As a dramatist he has written and produced "*Le Voile du Bonheur*" ("The Veil of Happiness").

As envoy he has visited the Argentine Republic. As a collector he possesses one of the finest collections of Japanese ceramics in the world, comprising almost 1,500 different pieces. As a duellist M. Clémenceau has no mean reputation. He fought with the journalist Paul Foucher; with the General Poussergues, whose leg he broke with one shot; with M. Maurel, former Deputy of the Department of Var, whom he wounded with a sabre thrust in the chest; and last, with the great patriot Paul Déroulède.

As a humorist he has few equals in France. They tell a story which I find typical. M. Clémenceau was always very friendly with King Edward VII of England. Once in London, I think in the year 1908, M. Clémenceau dined with the King; the relations between England and Germany were the principal topic of the conversation.

"And yet William II is your cousin, Sir," said Clémenceau.

"Yes," said the King, "cousin to the third degree."

"Below zero, doubtless," answered M. Clémenceau. And the King and all present burst out laughing.

One day before the war, when he was President of Council, he received a high officer of artillery. After a short conversation, M. Clémenceau said:

"You have not much military experience; your place should be in civil life and not in the Army."

The officer, foreseeing a safe and easy berth,

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waxed confidential: "I believe you are right, Monsieur le Président," he said. "Fifteen years ago, when I was yet a lieutenant, they offered me a Sous-Prefectureship and frankly I would like to stay in Paris. I should like to be a Councillor of State."

"Don't you want my watch?" replied the President, coldly.

While traveling in foreign countries he visited a French embassy.

"What will you have for your breakfast, Monsieur le Président?" said his host, the French ambassador.

"Some tea."

"At what hour do you want it served?"

"Five o'clock in the morning."

The servants, who were listening, could not help manifesting slight chagrin. M. Clémenceau was silent for a few minutes; then he said: "Let no one trouble himself. My valet will see that I get what I ask for at the above hour. I always bring with me cooking utensils and a little stove." And indeed, during his entire stay in the embassy, M. Clémenceau had his tea in his room at five in the morning.

There is a French proverb of which "the Tiger" is very fond and which applies to himself: "If you want a thing done, do it yourself."

In 1912 M. Clémenceau had to undergo a surgical operation, and great was the surprise in political circles when it was learned that he was placing himself in the hands of the nuns, for as a young radical he had been on the side of the anti-cleric party. The day before his entrance into the hospital, M. Clémenceau said to his secretary:

"I wish to remain unknown; I will call myself for the time being Charles Durand, and you will go by the name of Ernest."

The day after the operation his secretary went to the hospital:

"How is M. Charles Durand to-day?"

"M. Charles Durand?" replied the Mother Superior. "We have no patient by that name."

Ernest, or rather the pseudo Ernest, became insistent. He was certain that in the hospital there was a patient by the name of Charles Durand. He outlined the case and described the man.

"Ah!" said the nun, "you are talking about M. Clémenceau!"

"Well, Sister, since you call him by his right name, please ask him if he will see M. Ernest?"

The sister was not long in returning. "M. Clémenceau says that he knows no one by the name of Ernest."

Ernest insisted in vain; M. Clémenceau knew no Ernest and did not want to know him. He repeated this emphatically to the nun: "This is some practical joker," said he. "I have in my personnel no one by this name."

The operation had been entirely successful and M. Clémenceau, being in good humor, wanted to amuse himself. So, when his secretary came to his bed, he received him as follows:

"Ah! at last, it is you my good friend. Where did you get that wild idea of hiding yourself behind this silly name of Ernest?"

A prefect, recently elected, obtained an audience with M. Clémenceau. Said he: "Are you satisfied?" "Entirely," replied the prefect.

"The country where you are is very beautiful; they tell me that they have wonderful chickens down there. Be sure and send me one," remarked Clémenceau.

"I will do even better than that, Monsieur le Président. I have just finished writing a very important work on *"The Attempts at Legislation Among the Inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego."* Allow me to present you with the set printed on special paper."

The conversation continued for several moments; then the prefect rose to take his leave. M. Clémenceau accompanied him to the door and, tapping him smilingly on the back, said: "You know, on second thought, I think I prefer the chicken."

M. Clémenceau is very fond of animals. Several years ago he had a dog who was possessed of the *wanderlust*. He had a mania for running away and coming back in a carriage; and this extraordinary dog had learnt to differentiate between a taxi-cab and a private carriage. When he had gone about far enough and was tired with his adventures, he would look around him, select a cab, jump into it, and stretch himself out on the cushions.

At first the driver would attempt to force him out. Hard treatment and blows with the whip were of no avail. Overcome by curiosity the coachman would step down from the box, examine his collar and, reading the name and address of the dog's owner, he would bring him back to the statesman's house, where the concierge, accustomed to such proceedings, would reward him generously.

M. Clémenceau has a striking countenance. They say he resembles Bismarck or a Japanese mask. In the Pantheon there are splendid frescoes. One of them, painted by Joseph Blanc, has this peculiarity; if one looks at it closely one can see, in the midst of the bishops and warriors, none other than M. Clémenceau, sword in hand and a halo round his head.

Of small stature, with a little bullet-shaped head, a thick white moustache and a skin which one would say was made of yellow wax, and

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M. Clémenceau does not hesitate to visit the front line trenches, wearing a steel helmet. In this picture he is at the front in the Somme region—near Hardecourt-aux-bois

which makes his eyes shine by contrast, M. Clémenceau gives the impression of a man of dogged purpose and deep-rooted cynicism. He said one day to a young man who was hurt by the acrimonious criticism of which M. Clémenceau was the object:

"My young friend, when one has heard for many years under his windows the cry '*Demandez le suicide de M. Clémenceau*' (literally: 'Demand the suicide of M. Clémenceau!'), there must be in life certain things which will leave one perfectly indifferent."

But the spirit of "the Tiger" is not always harsh. He is lively and conforms to circumstances.

For instance, they had just established in France the luxury tax. All objects which were not of primary necessity, or which cost more than a certain price, were to be taxed. M. Clémenceau was approached in a railway station by a young nurse who shook a little tin box with a Red Cross painted on its side, asking for money for her work. The Prime Minister put in a bill.

"Thanks, your Excellency," said the young girl, who recognized the Minister.

"Excellency, Excellency . . ." remarked M. Clémenceau, who likes simplicity, "that is a title of luxury; it shall be taxed," and he proceeded to put another bill in her box.

If M. Clémenceau has become rapidly popular, it is because he has always understood the obligations attached to accepting a position of trust. He always endeavors to do that which is most important for the safety of the country. He has no other aim or desire. At the front the French soldiers adore him and he is often among them. In spite of his age he visits the trenches frequently and does not hesitate to circulate through the first line trenches, his head covered by a steel helmet. They have remonstrated with him for doing this and have pleaded with him not to expose himself unnecessarily, but he is as obstinate as a mule and continues his trips. In one sector they have christened a trench *Le Tigre*. He was much touched on hearing of it, for anything that comes from or pertains to the soldiers moves him deeply.

In the interior of France they love this politician who has grasped with a firm hand the long tail of political treason. Thanks to him the country breathes more freely, and thanks to him victory draws nearer for the Allies.

Later on, the name of Clémenceau will be attached inseparably to the history of this war and to a solid and lasting peace for the welfare of humanity, and the carrying on of human progress and civilization

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Red Crossing in the Orient

II. Hongkong and Canton

By a Field Officer of the Fourteenth Division

WHEN you get as far away from home as Canton, China, you find that you are entirely surrounded by 400,000,000 Chinese. The country swarms with people. As you walk through the narrow streets, it is difficult to pass; and when the chairs bearing the more favored ones go round the corner, pedestrians have to crowd up against the buildings All of which gives you the effect of China in the mass.

At Hongkong you feel the pulse of England. The hotel is English; the rugs on the floor came from Bristol; the china on the table from Derby, and the furniture from the Midlands. You are impressed with the dominating character of the Anglo-Saxon when a few thousand Englishmen and the Sikh policemen rule the city of Hongkong, which contains 450,000 Chinese.

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Dr. Wu Ting Fang, who is a staunch friend of the American Red Cross

In both Hongkong and Canton there were many Americans, earnest, enthusiastic people who, notwithstanding the thin dribble of news which came over the cable, sometimes not more than a few words a day, felt a keen interest in everything that affected the war and all that affected the United States. There was no American Red Cross organization, but notwithstanding this the work done in supplying hospital materials was going on among all classes

When the Field Commissioner from Washington came along with the story of what the Red Cross was doing and what it hoped to do, and why it wished to organize in foreign lands the Americans who were far removed from the spirit which controlled the Red Cross activities, it was not a difficult task to get them together. As a matter of fact, the only things needed were the printed forms, which the Headquarters in Washington supplied, to start at once the organization of American branches ten thousand miles from home.

A meeting was called and the people enthusiastically responded, notwithstanding the fact that on the same day the meeting was called an earthquake shook Hongkong to its foundation and killed 1,000 people in Swatow, just north of Hongkong, and a great fire destroyed 700 or 800 lives.

The hard-working American Consuls-General entered eagerly into the plan, although their office hours have extended to unheard of limits. Meetings were held in both Hongkong and Canton, which put these branches into active being closely connected with the main inspiration from Washington. A helpful thing, too, was the attitude of the English in these places—they welcomed the formation of these American chapters. In Hongkong, for instance, one of the English papers printed an editorial apropos of the first American Red Cross meeting, expressing the hope that the day would come when Hongkong, an English colony, would celebrate an American Red Cross Day. And this day did come a few months later as a signal for the beginning of the Second War Fund drive

In Canton, the foreigners are few and far be-

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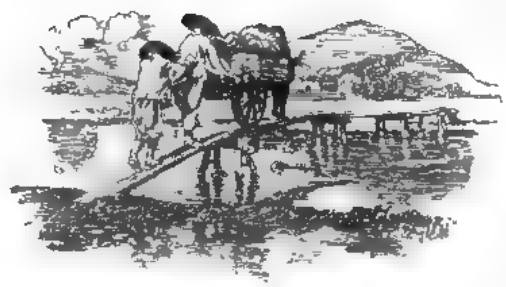
tween, except in the little strip of foreign land called Shameen, where the consular offices of many nations are situated in the heart of this great Chinese population. Among the first people whom we met there were Dr. Wu Ting Fang and Admiral Ching, who had charge of the Chinese Navy. These gentlemen expressed their fervent wish to associate themselves as individuals with the Canton Branch of the American Red Cross.

At the invitation of Dr. Wu, a Chinese tiffin was prepared at the Chamber of Commerce in Canton, attended by the chief merchants of that city, and we were asked to tell the story of the American Red Cross. The result of all this was that the Chinese among themselves sent a message to the head of the Canton American Red Cross Chapter, asking them to form an associate membership in which they could join, to show the interest of the Chinese not only in America, but in the work which the Red Cross is doing at the front.



"Man-barrow" and a missionary's luggage

The Bund, in Canton

When the drive began, these Chinese friends inaugurated a procession; sampans, many thousands of which line the river for miles, flew the American Red Cross flag. Ninety-nine per cent. of the marchers in the procession were Chinese, and the Chinese Red Cross Association cooperated to make the event a success. Many thousands of Chinese paid one tael, which is equivalent to one dollar, to become associate members. The native papers were full of articles on the subject—it is a long time since China has seen or heard so much about the United States. One magazine, printed in Chinese at Canton, called *The True Light Review*, edited by Dr. Jacob Speicher, published an American Red Cross Number, devoting the entire issue to the subject; and to this number Dr. Wu Ting Fang contributed an article so quaint and characteristic that a part of it has been translated from the original Chinese and is reproduced here as it reveals the spirit of the American Red Cross as it appeals to the mind of this distinguished statesman.

If we wish for individual happiness in this world, we must think first about the happiness of people. If we secure the happiness of people, the individual happiness is already in it. This is very easy to understand, and also is very clear. . . .

For this reason I am in deep sympathy with the movement of our people in Canton to join the Canton Branch of the American Red Cross Society, and I hope that the efforts of our countrymen will be so successful that the number of Chinese associate members will reach 100,000, and that a large amount of money will be subscribed to the Second Red Cross War Fund.

The Red Cross societies of all countries in the world already have done so much in all sorts of calamities, that many tributes have been paid in praise; and I am convinced that the American Red Cross, with its perfect system, its deep experience, and its wide expansion of charity, bears the crown among them. The development of its management and the efficiency of its work are suggested most plainly by the fact that of the hundred millions of American people, the members of the society number more than twenty millions.

Then why, it may be asked, should we Chinese seek membership in the Red Cross Society of America? I answer that the sorrows of mankind, which spring from this extraordinary war in Europe, are really beyond expression; and it is not necessary to explain the urgent call of the Red Cross on such an occasion. . . .

Here is one reason why we should do it: America and our country both being on the Pacific Ocean, we have closer commercial relations with America than with any other country. There are proofs enough to show what we owe the American Government and its people in all our enjoyment of the happiness of civilization; and we will never forget that in 1900, after the Boxer troubles, America refused to accept the indemnity money from our country. Our education has been helped by people from that country. At the time of the flood calamity last year, the American Red Cross Society cabled to us large sums of money with which to benefit and care for the suffering provinces.

There are so many other cases in which America did deeds to our advantage and welfare, that we are

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almost unable to count them all. Being in a position now to do good to our Allies in company with America, why should we not do our best?

Another reason is this: A country cannot stand alone on the earth. It must have neighbors, and there must be proper manners between them. The international friendship between the governments of two nations often is not the international friendship between their people. Nevertheless, the intimacy of the two countries depends upon the intimacy of their people, for the political understanding cannot do so much as the pure understanding of feelings.

If our countrymen enter the Canton Branch of the Red Cross Society of America as associate members, and coöperate with its work, there will grow that feeling which will strengthen the friendly relations of the two countries and prevent future misunderstandings.

A third reason is this: The evil of war grieves every man in the world. The war which came out of Europe now is spreading all over the globe, so that humanity itself seems to be endangered among the heaps of dead and wounded bodies. At such a time the members of the American Red Cross Society are going bravely to the battlefield to rescue the suffering, as well as to show the beautiful virtue of that mutual love among mankind which looks like a bright light and should make the ravenous repent and stop the war.

A fourth reason is this: Somebody will say that we already have our own Chinese Red Cross Society with its branches, and have enough to do in extending our own work. Why should we help that of other countries?

Do they, who say this, not know that our societies are not able to reach and help the wounded across the oceans, and that there are no boundaries, no racial lines, in the works of charity?

It is said that if you love people, people will always love you; if you respect people, they will respect you. Therefore we approve the Red Cross of America, and we are glad to have the branch in our city of Canton which our American friends and residents have founded, and we are proud to be associated with them in their great work. To love others is to love yourself. There is no doubt about that.

No one can tell what helpful, upbuilding things may come from all this interest of the Chinese in our Red Cross efforts; but surely such a spirit is significant and shows that even the coolie, with but a few cents a day, is anxious to enroll himself as a friend of the Allies and to do his all as an individual member of the American Red Cross.

A Red Cross Painter: A. E. Foringer

ALONZO E. FORINGER, whose work is on the cover of this month's number of the Magazine, is the artist who painted the famous Red Cross poster, "The Greatest Mother In The World," which made so deep an appeal to the whole United States during the Second War Fund Campaign. Mr. Foringer has had curious proofs of the universality of interest created by the picture. Poems have reached him by the score. A western convict, sentenced to death, made an impassioned plea to the court for mercy on the ground that he had given the artist the idea for the poster, which had come to him in a vision. It was a good story, with only the slight detriment that it was not true. Somewhere in the United States an "A. E. Foringer, artist, and his model, who sat for the 'Greatest Mother'," are touring in a vaudeville sketch. The real Mr. Foringer, however, is working soberly at his easel in New York City and the genuine model for the poster is equally guiltless of stage ambitions.

Mr. Foringer is a true American artist, born in Pennsylvania, who began studying in Pittsburgh, and finished in the art schools of New York. While still a student, he worked in the Mowbray Studios, and later served for some years as assistant to Edwin H. Blashfield. He has done mural decorations for many Western State capitols and court houses, among them the Capitol at Salt Lake City. Eleven panels by him ornament the City Hall in Yonkers, N. Y., and he did the organ room and the Baptistery of the Church of the Saviour in Philadelphia.

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The Red Cross in Action

Four Paintings by J. Paul Verrees, *a Belgian artist who was wounded while serving in the Belgian Army*

SUFFER THEM TO COME UNTO ME

The American Red Cross worker ministering to refugees in the nightmare regions of incessant battle – feeding the children, caring for the mothers, guarding the old and the helpless

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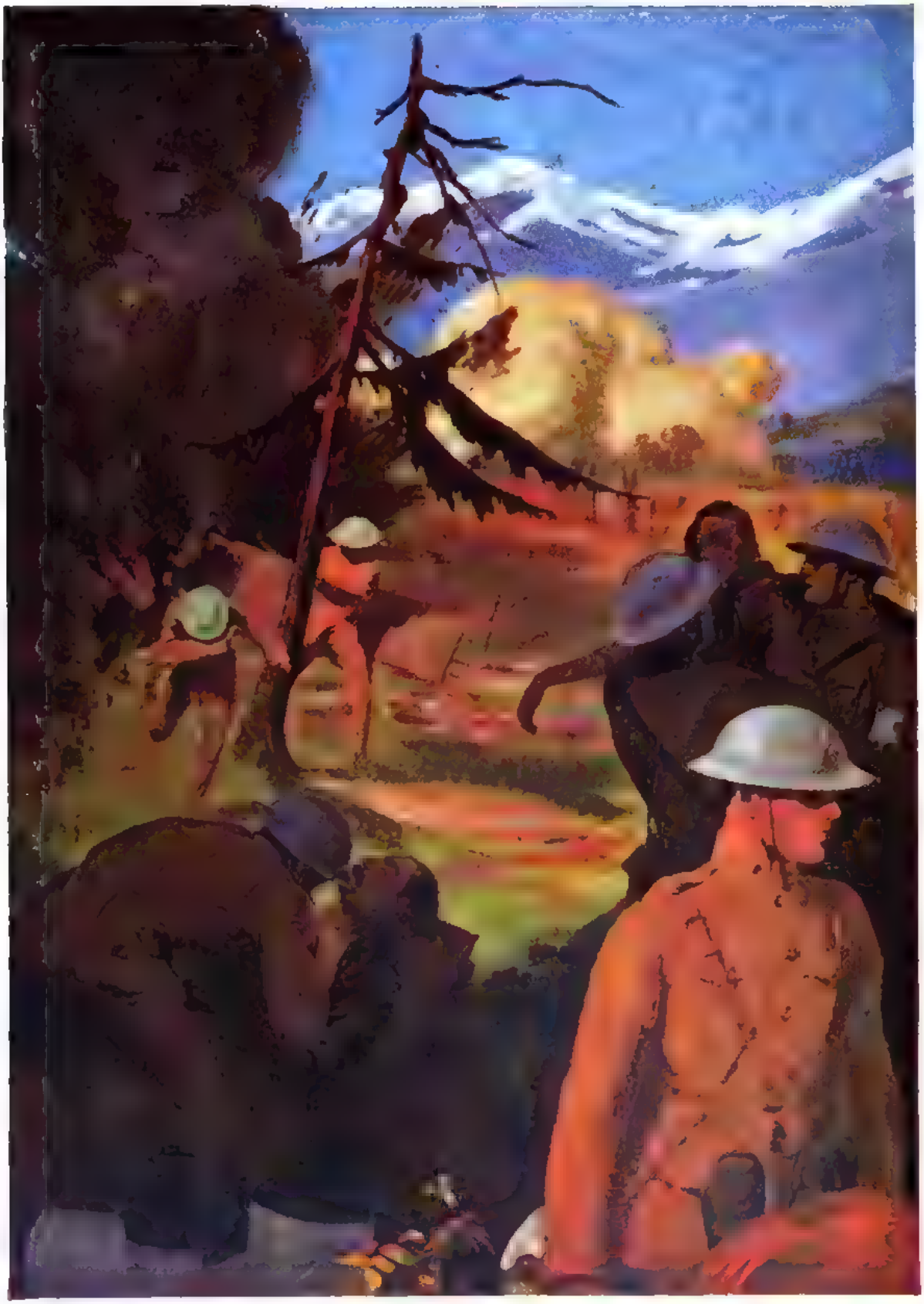

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Wonders were done in heartening the Italian nation when the American ambulances rushed forward to the battle-front. From Paris to Padua, on to the battle line, 1,500 miles, section One, American Ambulance, answered the cry for help in twelve days. And behind the lines, among

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RUSHES TO ITALY'S AID

the civilian population, the American Red Cross gave the same measure of renewed life and courage, feeding and clothing the refugees, finding homes for them, nursing the wounded, guarding the soldiers' families. In places, the Red Cross men distributed money to bring immediate help

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THE ROLLING CANTEEN IN FRANCE

These huge automobile canteens, outfitted with cooking apparatus and many supplies go to the troops in places where the regular canteen service is not accessible. Their good results on the morale of the troops is immeasurable

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The White Road of Mystery

Things seen, heard and felt on the ambulance, in dugouts and dressing stations

By Philip Dana Orcutt

PHILIP DANA ORCUTT, son of a Boston author and publisher, graduated from the Noble Preparatory School this year. He is under the military and draft age and, despite all efforts, because of his youth is unable to enter the American Army, although he has already been under shell fire for four months at Verdun as a member of the American Ambulance Corps. We print some bits from his personal records, which are soon to be published by John Lane in a little volume. His impressions are not only vivid and well told but have a singular spirit maturity. Young Orcutt, who is just now turned seventeen, has recently taken his college entrance examination.

A BATTLE is made up of a number of attacks, and a push consists of a number of battles. Consequently, each attack is most important as it is one of the single stones out of which the wall of the push is constructed. The taking of A—— was a small attack in itself, but it was a part of the foundation on which was built the great August push at Verdun.

Our section rolled into a town about four miles from A—— three days before the attack proper was scheduled to begin. We established our headquarters there, and our relay-station and *poste de secours* in the Hesse Forest, the latter just behind the third-line trenches.

In the Champagne push the year before, the French had not had nearly enough artillery support, and it had cost them many lives. It is something one hears spoken of rarely. To avoid a repetition of this disaster they had massed for this attack in one wood six thousand guns, varying in calibre from the famous 75's to several batteries of 380's, mounted on a railroad a stone's throw from our sleeping quarters. However, as we had no time for sleep, it made little difference. The 75 is about a three-inch gun, and the 380, a sixteen, approximately.

Starting in three days before the attack, these guns began firing as steadily as they could without overheating. Very often, in our front *abri*, it was impossible to write because of the vibration One day, when we stopped in the woods to change a punctured tire, the car was knocked off the jack by the shocks several times before we could remove the tire, and at last we had to run in on the rim.

Finally, just before the men were to go over the top, the barrage was set down in front of the trenches and the men climbed over the parapet, and started walking toward the enemy. It is always possible to tell the *tir de barrage* by the sound of the guns. There is a certain regularity which is lacking when each gun is firing at independent targets, and the steady thunder gives one the feeling of a tremendous hammer smashing, smashing irresistibly, each blow falling true and hard, and following one another with the regularity of the machines in a giant factory.

A perfect barrage is impenetrable, with the shells falling so near together and with such short intervals of time between that nothing can survive it. The only possibility is the inaccuracy of some one or more guns which will put a number of shells out of the line and leave a break or opening.

Before the attack the officers all have their watches carefully synchronized, as a mistake of one minute may cost many lives. Walking ahead of their men, keeping them the right distance behind the solid wall of flame and steel, they wait until a certain minute when the barrage is lifted a number of yards and then advance to that distance. In the orders, the minute the barrage is to be lifted and the distance are given out beforehand; for to advance the soldiers too quickly would be to put them under fire from their own guns.

In this attack the first wave passed over the destroyed wire, and on reaching the enemy's front-line trenches could not distinguish them from the rest of the ground, and found no living thing there. The second-line trenches were little better, and they got their fighting at the

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third-line trenches. So perfect had the preparation and execution of this attack been that the Bois d'A—— was cleared of the enemy in thirteen minutes from the time the French left their trenches.

FIRST SENSATIONS UNDER FIRE

There is nothing quite so uncomfortable to hear as the near whistle of a shell. The more one hears the sound the more it affects him. There is something in the sharp whine which seems to create despair and induce subconscious melancholy. There is a feeling of helplessness and powerlessness that is most depressing. The thunder of the guns or the crash of the bursting shells cannot be compared with the sound of this approaching menace. It is as if some demon from the depths of Hades were hurtling toward you, its weird laughter crying out, calling to you and chilling your blood. For the second of its passage a hush falls on the conversation, and the best jokes die in dry throats. But it is only for that second, and instantly laughter rings out again at some jest. Speculations or comments are made on the probable or observed place where it exploded, and all is the same except for that subconscious tenseness which, for the most part unrealized, grips every man while he goes about his work.

The first ordeal by fire is the easiest. It is then but a new and interesting sensation and experience. Later, after one has seen the effect and had some close calls, it is more of a nervous strain. The whine of a shell is very high-pitched, and after a time the sound wears distinctly on the nerves. It is a curious fact that, in spite of the philosophy developed, the longer a man has been under shell-fire the harder it is for him to stand it. By no means would he think of showing it, but he would not deny the fact. It is only the philosophy and callousness developed which keep the men from breaking down, and in many cases the strain on the nerves becomes so great that men do collapse under it. This is one of the forms of so-called "shell-shock."

STRETCHER-BEARERS—ROUGH BUT HEROIC

As one man remarked, "Our life out here is just one —— *brancardier* after another." The *brancardiers*, or stretcher-bearers, include the musicians—for the band does not play at the front—the exchanged prisoners who are pledged to do no combatant work, and others who volunteer for or are assigned to this work. These men are in the front line trenches, where they bandage wounded men as they are hit, and carry them to the front *abri*, where the *major*, army doctor, gives them more careful attention. At the front *abri* are other *brancardiers*, who then take charge of these men and load them into our cars. We arrive at the hospital, and *brancardiers* there unload the ambulances and carry in the wounded. Inside the hospital other *brancardiers* nurse the wounded, as no women nurses are allowed in the *triage* hospitals.

A callous, hardened, dulled class of men, absolutely lacking in sentiment, yet doing a noble and heroic work. Who could do their work without becoming callous—or insane? We curse them often when they put a man in the car upside down or drop him, but we forget that when the infantry goes *en repos*, the *brancardiers* stay at their posts, going out into No Man's Land every hour to bring in a countryman or an enemy. When, standing by the car at P 3, I see two *brancardiers* carrying a man up from the *abri* and, after noticing that both his arms are broken, one in two places, that both legs are broken, that a bloody bandage covers his chest, and that the white band around his head is staining red, I see them drop him when a shell screams overhead, I curse them. But I forget that for the past two nights, with their *abri* filled with chlorine gas, these same men have toiled faithfully in suffocating gas-masks, bringing in the wounded, caring for them, and loading them on our cars. I forget that these men have probably not had an hour's consecutive sleep for weeks and that it may be weeks before they have again; that it is months since they last saw a foot of dry ground, or felt that for a moment they were free of the ever present expectation of sudden death. It is something to remember, and it is to wonder rather how they do these things at all than why they seem at times a little careless or a bit tired.

Would the *brancardier* tell you this? When he sees you he asks after your comrades. He takes you in and gives you a cigarette and some *pinard* in a battered cup, and tries to find you a place to rest, all the time telling you cheerful stories and amusing incidents.

The Staff is the brains of the army; Aviation, the eyes; the Artillery, the voice; the Infantry and Cavalry, the arms; the Engineers, the hands; Transportation, the legs; the People behind it, the body; but the *Brancardier* is the soul.

THE AMAZING DEVELOPMENT OF INSTINCT

The *ambulancier* has developed two instincts to quite a degree. The first is that he can always locate an *abri*, his or some one else's, and disappear into it with astounding rapidity. The second is that he can keep the road with no lights.

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This has to be done almost entirely by instinct on many nights, and we find it usually safer to make a turn where the "inner voice" directs us rather than where we remember it should be. It is not remarkable, of course, that an occasional car falls into a ditch or a shell-hole, but astonishing rather how seldom this happens. While our Fords never attained any great speed in night driving, I rode once with a friend from another section in a Fiat, when he drove in pitch darkness faster than fifty miles an hour, taking every turn accurately and safely by instinct and luck.

Philip Dana Orcutt, a Boston boy, seventeen years old and just ready to enter Harvard, postponed his college career and went to France with the American Ambulance Corps

ALL KINDS OF FIGHTERS

The English can never be called a temperamental race, but even their stolid worth has needed much shaking up for the best in it to come to the surface. The example they have set since their awakening is one which any nation may well emulate, and it will be a proud people indeed which can ever equal the record they have made in this war for courage and devotion, never surpassed in the history of the world.

The poilu and the Tommy are of such opposite types that each completely mystifies the other. The Frenchman works himself up to a fanatical state of enthusiasm, and in a wild burst of excitement dashes into the fray. The Englishman finishes his cigarette, exchanges a joke with his "bunkie," and coolly goes "over the top." Both are wonderful fighters, with the profoundest admiration for each other, but each with an absolute lack of understanding of the other, intensified by the difference in language.

The varying characteristics of troops from different parts of the world—the allied countries, dependencies, and colonies—have led to their classification and assignment to the work best adapted to their temperament. The fighting troops are divided into two main classes called the "flying" and the "holding" divisions. There are some troops who are wonderful in a charge, but have no stamina or staying power to resist counter-attacks or the wear of steady fighting. There are others who lack the initiative and dash, but who can hold on and resist anything. Then there are others who, while they are possessed of both qualities, are somewhat better suited for one class than the other The Flying Divisions are used chiefly in the attacks, where a quick advance and desperate fighting must win the day. This completed, they go back *en repos* again, while the Holding Divisions take their place to consolidate the ground won, and to resist the enemy's attempts to regain it. The Flying Divisions have longer *repos* but more violent fighting while they are on the line, and the Holding Divisions have shorter *repos* but a less strenuous although longer stretch in the trenches. This has all been worked out from observation and experiment.

For example, in the early days of the war the Madagascans, French colored colonial troops, are given certain trenches to take. They take them with little delay, and are told to consolidate and hold them. This is all very well until supper fails to arrive. The soldiers wait impatiently for a short while, and then, ignoring the commands of their officers, evacuate their trenches, which are immediately occupied by the Germans, and go back for their meal. Supper finished, with no hesitation they return and in a wild charge recapture their trenches and several more.

Other French troops in the Flying Division are the Algerians, who have done wonderful fighting throughout the war, and have suffered heavily. It is the boast of the Foreign Legion, which is classed as Algerian, that since its organization it has never failed to reach its objective, and even in this war it has made good its boast.

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In one attack the Legion entered thirty-five thousand strong and returned victorious with a remnant of thirty-five hundred men.

The Algerians have a sense of humor all their own. An *ambulancier* was carrying one of them down to the hospital. As he was only slightly wounded he was sitting on the front seat with the driver, leaving more room for the *couchés* inside. One of the *couchés* was a German. Halfway to the *triage* the Algerian made signs to the driver to stop. The driver looked inquiringly at the man who, with a broad grin, pulled out a long knife and pointed at the German. The driver naturally did not humor him, and the sulky Zouave refused to speak to him during the rest of the trip.

Young Orcutt and the ambulance he drove for four months at Verdun, and later at Dead Man's Hill

The fact that the colonial troops of the Allies, especially those of Great Britain—the Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders—fall practically without exception into the Flying Division because of the initiative, dash, and daring developed in them to such a degree, has given Germany, who has won more victories with poisoned pen than with the sword, an opportunity to stir up hard feeling with her propaganda between the colonies and their mother country.

This propaganda claims that England has sacrificed her Colonials to save her own troops. Nothing could be farther from the truth. While the Colonials are in the Flying Division and the larger part of the English in the Holding Division, because of their famous bulldog tenacity, the English have lost a greater percentage of their men than any one of the colonies. The world has never seen such fighting as the troops of Great Britain have had to stand up under, and full credit is always given the Colonials for their share.

The Canadians particularly have distinguished themselves. They share with the Foreign Legion alone the distinction of never having been given an objective they have not taken. When the order came for the attack on Vimy Ridge it read: *The Canadians will take Vimy Ridge at such and such an hour*, and they took it on the dot. With the Canadians must be put the Anzacs—Australians and New Zealanders—examples of what universal military training can do.

THE UNSUNG ROAD-BUILDERS

The roads at the front are cared for by a class of unsung heroes, the road-builders. Back of the lines German prisoners are often used for this work, but it is a rule of warfare that prisoners must not be worked under fire, and the Allies observe this as well as the other rules of civilized warfare.

The roads are the arteries of the front, and during an attack the enemy does his best to cripple them. If he succeeds, the troops in the trenches, cut off from food, ammunition, and other supplies, are at his mercy. During one attack through which I worked, the Boche, whose hobby is getting ranges down to the inch and applying them as all other things in a definite system, put a 150 every ten yards down the more important roads.

All work in the zone is done by three classes of workers, excluding the necessary military operations carried on by the troops in action. First, there are the German prisoners who do every kind of work out of the zone of fire. Then there are the French prisoners in the army, who have committed some military crime, from sneezing in ranks to shooting a colonel. Instead of serving time in a guardhouse, these are put in the front-line trenches and kept there unarmed to build up the parapet, attend to the drains, stop Boche bullets, and perform other functions. If, for instance, a French soldier sends a letter through the civil instead of the military mails, where the censorship is more strict, he receives a thirty days' sentence. If these prisoners make a suspicious move they are shot by their own men. Second timers are rare, but many serve life sentences.

Then there is the third class, a regular branch of the army, a subdivision of the Engineers, termed *pionniers*. The Engineers do the nastiest work in the army, and the *pionniers* do the nastiest work in the Engineers. It is their duty to see that the wire is properly cut before a charge, that the parapet is in repair and does not lack sandbags—and the road-builders come in this class.

All along the roads lie piles of broken stone, which are continually replaced by loads from

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the rear. At intervals are placed *abris* filled with road-builders who watch until a shell hits the road in their sector. Then, almost before the dirt settles, they rush out armed with shovels, and pile this rough stone into the hole and rush back again to shelter, to wait for the next shell, which is not long in coming. This rough patching is consolidated later when the sector quiets down, but does admirably for the time being, as the mud and traffic push it rapidly into shape.

A steam-roller is then sent up to finish the work, but finds itself *persona non grata* when left over night in the middle of a narrow and muddy road, with no lights showing. We *ambulanciers* are not fond of the species at any time, as they seem to have a great affinity for six-inch shells. When disintegrated, any one of the numerous parts blocks our way. We are perfectly content to have the task left to the simple road-builder, who proves less of an obstruction after meeting a 150.

BIRDS STAY IN SPITE OF SHELLS

The trees are twice decimated, but the birds have stayed, and now they are waking and, overflowing with high spirits, sing their message of good cheer. They answer each other from different parts of the wood and, by closing one's eyes, one seems to be in the country at home. Never has the song of birds seemed more beautiful or more welcome, and, gladdened, we listen while we may, before the slowly swelling thunder of the guns, beginning their early morning bombardment, drowns out all other sound. We go down again into the *abri* and pray for a load soon to take us down to the hospital and breakfast at headquarters.

A WONDERFUL NIGHT OF BATTLE

There is one time that the Boche never fails to greet us. That is five-thirty in the evening. Every day while I was there, as the hour struck, or would have struck had the clock been left to strike it, twelve shells whistled over Récicourt and knocked fruit from the orchard on the hill. If the Boche were sentimental, we would say it was the early twilight that made him do this; but, as we remember Belgium, we call it habit. There are several big *rôtis* (unexploded shells) set up by the roadside like kilo-stones to remind us that to roll at five-thirty is *verboten*.

For some unexplained and mysterious reason many of the Germans shells do not explode. Whether this is from faulty workmanship or defective fuses or materials we do not know, but it causes the poilus much amusement. There will be the whine of an *arrivée* and a dull thud as it strikes the ground. All wait in suspense, but there is no explosion. Every Frenchman present then roars with laughter and shouts, "*Rôti! Rôti!*" (Literally, "Roasted").

We crawl up the hill, the road luckily having escaped injury during the afternoon, and at length reach the hospital. Then, much lightened, we start back. Coasting slowly down the hill we have a perfect opportunity to observe the horizon.

The sky to-night is softly radiant, a velvety black with myriads of brilliant stars in the upper heavens. Opposite us is another hill, crowned with trees which break gently into the skyline. Above these the sky flashes and sparkles in iridescent glory. The thundering batteries light up everything with brilliant flashes, and the star-shells, springing up over No Man's Land, hang for an instant high in the air with dazzling brilliancy, and then, fading, drift slowly earthward. The artillery signals (Verrey Lights, rockets carrying on their sticks one, two, three, and four lights) dart up everywhere. A raider purrs overhead, and golden bursts of shrapnel crack in the sky. All merge together; first one, then another, standing forth to catch the eye for a brief second, the kaleidoscopic brilliancy lifting one up out of the depths of the mire to forget for a moment why these lights flare—treacherous will-o'-the-wisps leading men on to death—and one sees only the wonderful beauty of the scene: a picture impressed on the memory which makes all seem worth while. One sight of these causes the discomforts and dangers of the day's work to fade, and they become a symbol—a pillar of fire leading on to the victory that is coming when Right shall have conquered Might, and the tortured world can again breathe freely.

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War Pictures from

August, 1914
By Jules Adler

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the Paris Salon

The Gas Attack
By G. Clairin

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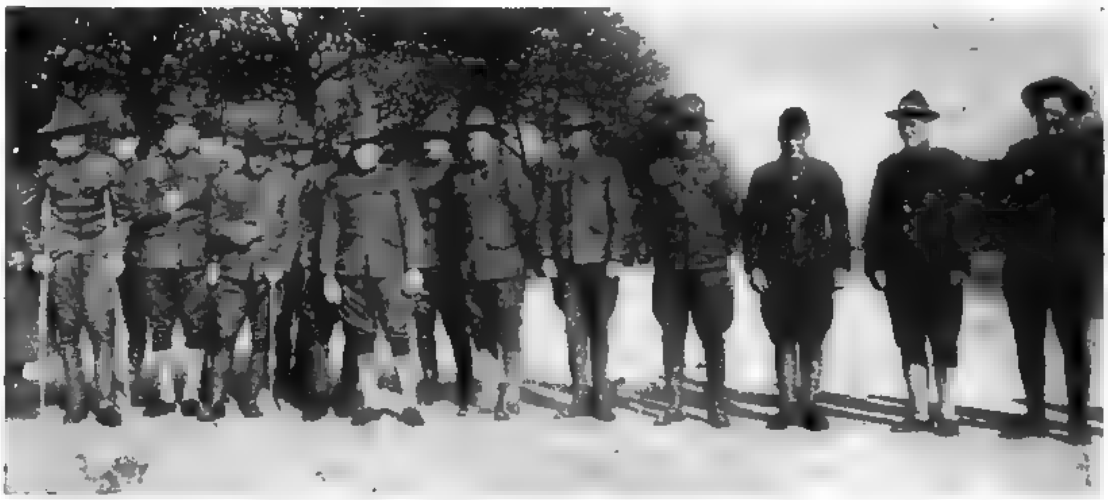
At the Red Cross Fronts



SOME OF OUR WOUNDED IN FRANCE

THESE men were wounded, and are now convalescing. This photograph was taken by the Red Cross men to show some of the results obtained by the American Red Cross Hospital No 2 in the Avenue Bois du Bologne, Paris. The hospital, which was formerly Dr. Joseph H. Blake's, contains 300 beds of which 100 are reserved for French wounded and the rest for American soldiers.

A Red Cross Diet Kitchen in Toul

THE American Red Cross has converted the old military barracks at Toul into a refuge for French war orphans, and a diet kitchen is a natural part of the work. "The most pitiful babies brought there," says a recent report, "are growing pink and round"

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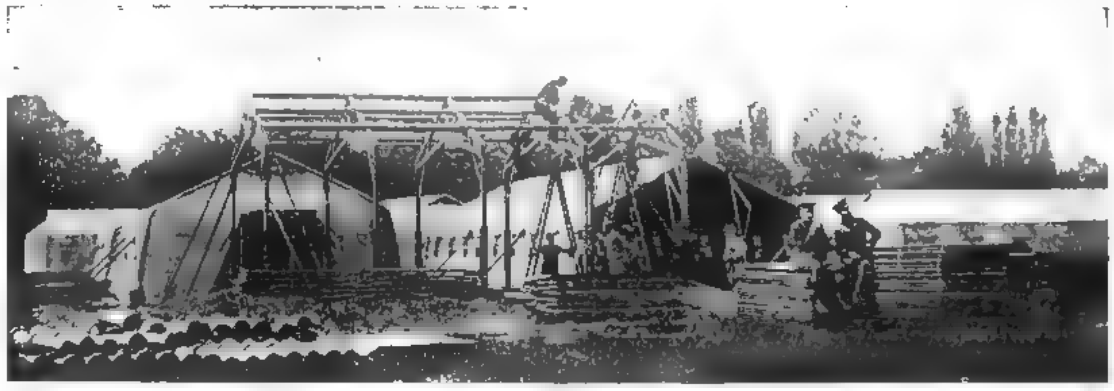
Not a Country One Would Select for Motoring

BATTLES occur where fighters will it, and not where the going is good. The Red Cross cannot pick and choose its terrain. It must find a way to get through, even though the task often seems impossible, as in this official British picture of a battlefield that had just been brought within the British front line. The soldiers have their gas-masks ready for a German counter-attack with gas bombs

A Hospital in Twenty-Five Days



ON MAY 5th the once-famous race-course at A—— in France was a waste of wild grass, with a deserted grand-stand and deserted betting-booths lonely amid it. When May 30th was three hours old, dusty ambulances with 160 wounded and gassed Americans were brought in; and where the hayfield had been twenty-five days before, a complete 600-bed tent-hospital was ready for them. The men were undressed in perfect receiving wards, their clothes fumigated while their hurts were treated, and before dawn each patient was asleep in a fresh suit of pajamas in an immaculate white hospital bed.

The tent-hospital at A——, erected for the U. S. Army at its request by the American Red Cross, has a steam-heated operating room that can be moved from place to place on a specially made truck. It has a sterlizing plant that can be brought to any spot where an operation is being performed. It has baths, electric lighting and heating appliances.

Each ward is sixty feet long by twenty feet wide, contains twenty-four beds and is connected with the others by covered passages. The tents have windows and perfect ventilation. The canvas makes absolutely as good material for housing as do stone and lumber.

A tent-hospital of 200 beds can be moved on 18 trucks. It can be set up almost as quickly as one of our huge American circus affairs can be erected—which means a few hours.

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An Intercepted Letter

THIS letter accompanied a sweater that was sent in to the Red Cross by a crippled boy in a hospital out West:

DEAR SOLDIER BOY:

I do not know your name, but I am going to write to you anyway. I am a little crippled boy, and my name is John Finnegan, but I love my country anyway.

I hope you will be wearing the sweater I made when you cross the Rhine.

I just can't help wishing that you may plant the great American flag right on the Kaiser's castle. I think the Kaiser went a little too far when he called on us. Don't you? I cannot go to war and carry a gun on my shoulder, but I can knit for the soldiers.

I will give you my address so that you can write to me. I hope that you will give me your address. I have blue eyes and red hair. I am Irish, but I love the American flag best of all. The Kaiser will wish that he had left America alone before long. There are a lot more crippled children here besides me who are knitting for the soldiers.

I bet the Kaiser will be sore when this war is over. He thought that he could beat the world and have it for his very own. He forgot just one thing, and that is that he forgot that the U. S. A. were good fighters too.

I will never be a hero like you will, but I pray for the soldiers and the Stars and Stripes every night.

JOHN FINNEGAN.

When Saloniki Needed Aid

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AFTER the great fire in Saloniki, the Red Cross sheltered the homeless in this tent-village that was erected on the plain outside of the town. One of the constant problems caused by the immensity of the war is that of being prepared anywhere and everywhere. Preparedness in such cases as this means life to thousands

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$3,300 a Month From Salvage

SAVE the Little Scraps and Help Win the Big One" is the motto of the Salvage Department of the Seattle Chapter of the Red Cross. Although but four months old the proceeds from this department, from waste gathered last month, amounted to $3,300 after paying all operating expenses. Tin foil brings forty cents a pound and Seattle street cleaners turned in nearly four hundred pounds during June. To bring the top price, however, the foil must be laid flat and stripped of all paper; and Boy Scout volunteers (as seen in the photograph) prepare it properly for marketing. The Salvage Department has grown so big that a new warehouse and store with a floor space of 10,000 square feet is under construction. It will be built, bungalow style, in wood and cement. The picture below shows how the waste is gathered.

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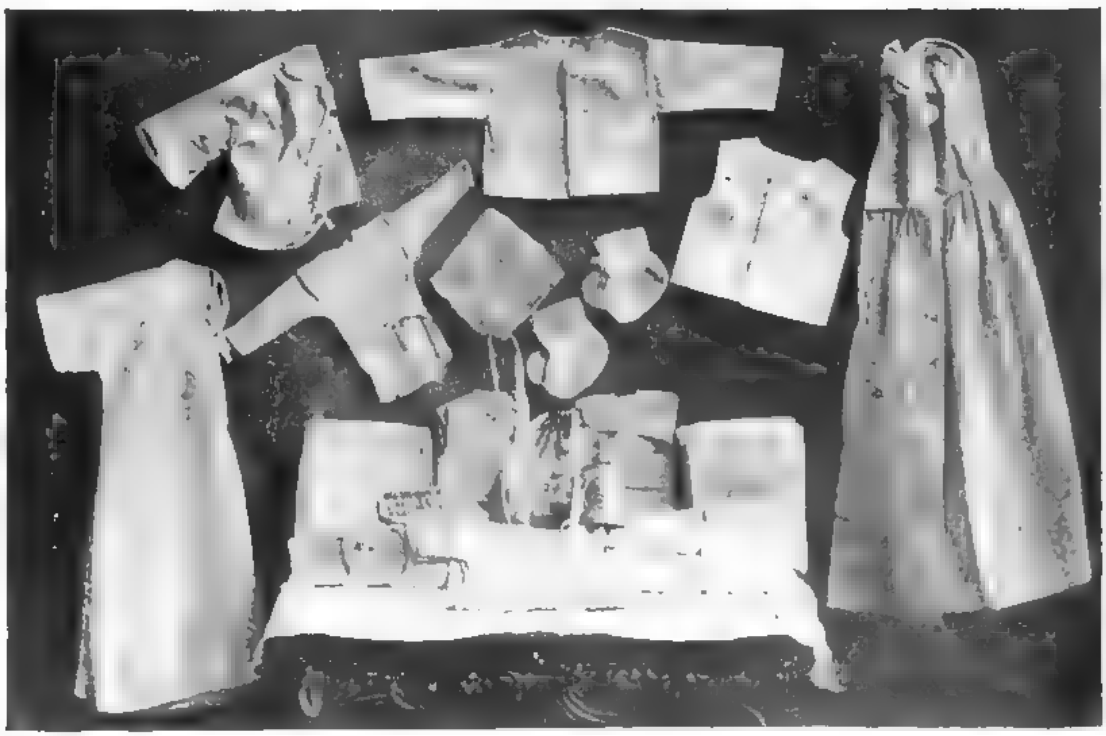
Junior Red Cross Garment Makers

A "model" at a very early age

THESE two pages show the work of the Junior Red Cross organization in making various kinds of garments. All the clothes in the photograph on the opposite page, showing a group of six children, are authentic Red Cross models made at the Wilson Normal School in Washington, D.C. The round, woollen cap, on one of the older girls, has been discontinued because of the shortage of wool. The picture was taken at the Thompson School in Washington.



A layette made by the school children of Hagerstown, Md.

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Washington, D C , school children in the Red Cross clothes which they themselves made

A group of Italian children, all clothed in garments made by the Junior League of the American Red Cross

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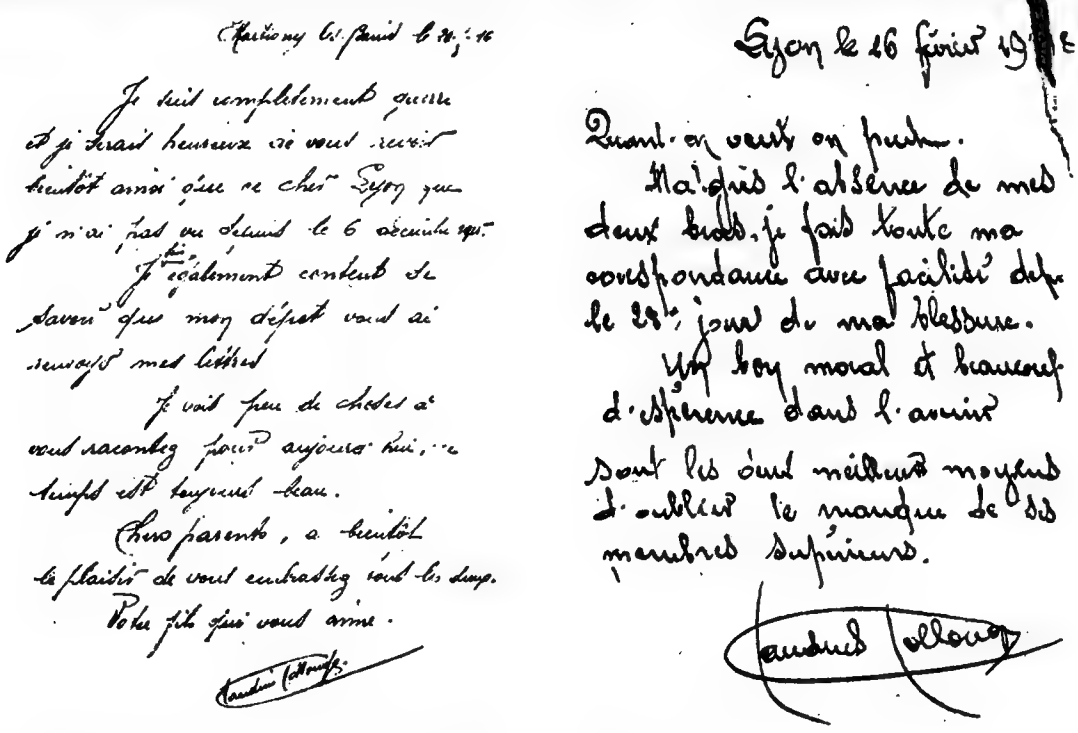

Chatenay (Seine) le 26 février 16

Je suis complètement guéri et je serai heureux de vous revoir bientôt ainsi que ce cher Lyon que j'ai tant aimé le 6 décembre 1915.

Je suis également content de savoir que mon départ vous a toujours mes lettres

Je vais peu de choses à vous raconter pour aujourd'hui, ici temps est toujours beau.

Chers parents, à bientôt le plaisir de vous embrasser tous les deux.

Votre fils qui vous aime.

Claudius Mouge

Lyon le 26 février 19[illegible]

Quand on veut on peut.

Malgré l'absence de mes deux bras, je fais toute ma correspondance avec facilité depuis le 28e jour de ma blessure.

Un bon moral et beaucoup d'espérance dans l'avenir sont les deux meilleurs moyens d'oublier le manque de ces membres supérieurs.

Claudius Mouge

Letters written by a Frenchman before and after the loss of both arms. The letter on the right reads:

Lyons, 26 Feb., 1918.

Where there is a will there is a way.

In spite of the loss of both arms I have been writing with ease since the 28th day after my disabling injury.

Good courage and faith in the future are the best means of forgetting the loss of one's most necessary members.

CLAUDIUS C. MOUGE.

They Shall Be Made Whole

MIGHTILY, sanely, purposefully, America has undertaken the task of making its maimed men whole. It goes far beyond the mere undertaking to return the war-cripple to useful employment. It looks toward bringing him back into our common life with a soul not only undiscouraged, but strengthened; with capabilities developed, if possible, beyond what they were before he sacrificed himself for us all; with the happy consciousness that he holds his place in his own right, by his own ability.

In France, in England, are American experts studying every aspect of the work, from the comparatively simple matter of surgical reconstruction and mechanical appliances, to the deep, human question of the maimed man's spirituality, of the effect on human beings of injury to their bodies, of the whole meaning of self-respecting occupation to man's moral nature. In America the Surgeon-General's Department of the Army, the American Red Cross through its Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, the medical associations of the whole land, are united in one great, coördinated effort.

Early in 1918 there were more than one hundred schools for various forms of vocational reëducation in France. Many more are needed, but already thousands of men have reëntered their old pursuits or have taken up newly learned ones.

Miss Grace S. Harper, Chief of the Bureau for Reëducation of Mutilés for the American Red Cross in France, has made an intensive study of all the methods in that country, and her reports are distributed widely in America. The new periodical, "Carry On," published for the Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army by the American Red Cross, is entirely devoted to this important subject. Thus we start in the United States with the advantage of knowing everything that has been accomplished in Europe.

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Four of these men have each lost an arm. Fitted with a mechanical apparatus known as the "Jullien" and trained by teachers expert in surgery, industrial work, and psychology, these war cripples have returned to useful life

Three of these men have each lost an arm, two have lost a leg; yet they have returned with excellent efficiency to their original agricultural life

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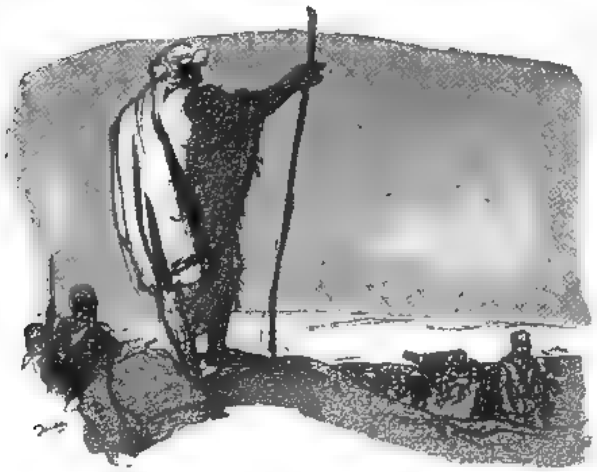

The Story of a Great Spy

"I Have Had My Innings"

By Julius W. Muller

Illustrated by CHARLES B. FALLS

THE hero of this story was a real man, although in the record he is given a fictitious name—Walter Greenway. He was remarkable as a young man for acrobatic skill. He was an athlete and yachtsman; he had a singular gift for languages, seeming to acquire them with a magical rapidity and accuracy. He was very agile and occasionally indulged in daring feats of climbing. This point is referred to in the opening of the story. Walter Greenway had a very adventurous life even before the war opened. A whimsical jest of youth, which had a criminal aspect, set him adrift. He went to sea and finally became a sailor on an Arabian dhow, having acquired the language and ways of his shipmates. The story of his courtship and marriage to the daughter of the Arab captain is a rare and lovely tale in itself. The material facts about "Walter Greenway" were gathered by Robert Holmes, who was a chaplain in an English prison where Greenway was sent. Mr. Holmes had many notes and strange letters which Greenway and his friends sent from various parts of the world. These have been gathered into a book published in England. Some day the real name of this remarkable and heroic man will be told. At present his family is content that the record of his errors and the tale of his redemption shall remain hidden under the invented name.

ON a summer evening fourteen years ago, two constables in a little English seaside town saw a man clamber up the side of a temporarily unoccupied house. They went in, to meet a small, lithe young man, extraordinarily swarthy, who had entered through an attic window.

Asked what he was doing there, he answered, with an easy smile, that he had come to eat supper with friends who lived there. "Who are they?" asked the constables. He could not remember.

In the police station, and later in court, he told most frankly about himself. He was twenty-five, he said, the son of a retired chemist of means, and his position was that of foreign correspondent for a well-known firm in London whose members were close friends of his.

The truth of all this was established easily enough. His dazed old father journeyed from his somewhat distant home to testify to his son's social standing and to the fact that he never lacked money. His business reputation was proved to be not only good, but rather distinguished, and he was noted for his extraordinary talent for foreign languages.

But against the hard fact that he had been caught in a house which he had entered through a window, he could offer only an explanation so fantastic that even his father refused to believe it. He had been on a solitary yachting cruise, he said, had put in at the town, and had met acquaintances on the pier who invited him to supper. In a freakish mood he had resolved to surprise them by entering their residence as he did.

He could not remember their names. He could not remember even the name of the street where they lived. "I got to the wrong house," he insisted, lightly, "that's all!"

At last the magistrate became indignant and sentenced him to three months' imprisonment at hard labor. It was the beginning of a long series of similar imprisonments. Four years later, when a noted English police court missionary interested himself in his case, he had just been arrested for the tenth time.

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He was twenty-nine then, and apparently a hopeless outlaw, for he mocked the police, played deaf and dumb, and otherwise showed a quite wanton spirit. But the missionary, deeply attracted to the queer fellow with the deep, strange eyes, made a hard fight for the prisoner's confidence, and won it.

"I can't resist an attic window," the man said at last. "My eyes just naturally turn upward. It's a case of being ruined by one's gifts, if you like. I shall never do any good where there are houses with attics. I might be out of temptation on a sailing ship; or an Indian wigwam village might do, or a Bedouin encampment—no attics there, I understand"

The words gave the missionary a hope. He induced the magistrate to suspend sentence, and within a month saw his protégé bound outward on a sailing ship for a voyage by way of the Suez Canal to Colombo in Ceylon.

He heard from his man once. It was a cheerful letter that gave the missionary hope. But when the ship returned to England, the captain brought news that "Black Walt", as they called him aboard, had deserted at Colombo.

To Robert Holmes, the missionary, came more than a hundred letters a week regularly from men whom he had set right. Week after week and month after month he looked through them eagerly for something from the man who had interested him more than any of the thousands of broken men with whom he had dealt. But nothing ever came. He had dropped out.

Thus passed six years. So arrived the year 1914, when a little flame in a Bosnian city set fire to all the continents and to the seven seas.

The year 1914 passed, and a great part of 1915. The sombre glory of Gallipoli approached that end, which England with a heavy heart already could forecast. Even while its terrible splendor still shone, English hearts and English fears were bent still further east where, half lost to human knowledge, General Townshend's indomitable army was struggling up the valley of the Tigris, through the withering heats of Mesopotamia's days and the deadly chills of Mesopotamia's nights, toward the khalif city, Bagdad.

In that fierce time of dread and hope and furious work and vast disruption of all accustomed life, the police-court worker quite forgot the bit of human jetsam that he had tried to help once long ago—immeasurably long ago, as all such things seemed. But then came the sign. Strangely it came, out of Mesopotamia.

It came in the form of a stained packet, soiled by much wandering, many handlings. It contained a litter of torn paper scraps with faint pencil markings. Twenty-five of them there were, ripped into bizarre shapes, and there were many hours of labor before they were pieced together. They read:

Somewhere in Mesopotamia a poor deaf mute, a slender, swarthy, agile Bedouin about my own age and so like me that I could own him as a brother—somewhere in this land that afflicted creature wanders, all unable to comprehend what his Mohammedan countrymen, their Turkish masters and the German superbosses are about.

"He grew weary of them and wandered on, till by chance he reached headquarters"

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Respecting his affliction as one by the hand of Allah, they suffer him to wander among their camps and entrenchments. They gaze upon him half amused, half pitying, as he views exposed cannon in childlike wonderment. They lead him into trenches for the pleasure of seeing his terror at engines of destruction. They give him food; and as he eats they talk over their plans in German and Turkish, for he is deaf, he cannot hear: he is dumb and ignorant, he cannot tell.

He moves on, and no one stays him. He is afflicted. He must be left alone. Thus he wanders from Turkish camp to camp. Thus, too, he wanders now and then far off to the British lines. Some of the British soldiers found him so—a poor starveling who had crawled up to their defences, ready to perish. He ate the food they gave him, but he spat on the ground to show that he cursed the infidel dogs. They tried to make him hear or speak, but failed. He grew weary of them and wandered on, till by chance he reached headquarters.

"Down he went on the ashes in an agony of grief"

In February, 1916, two months before General Townshend's hopelessly isolated army surrendered at last in Kut-el-Amara after grim defence, came a second packet with another litter of torn scraps.

The deaf mute deserves your sympathy, for affliction has been added to affliction. When he wandered back to his Mohammedan brothers, they received him with some suspicion, because his visit to the British camp had become known. They fired rifles close behind his ears to see if he would start. They placed him alongside of a big gun and fired it till the concussion made him bleed from ears and nostrils. He satisfied them that he heard not the semblance of a sound.

Hot irons were used to test his powers of speech. These being ineffective, though they made scars that will never vanish, they tried tearing out a few finger-nails. Tears rained down his cheeks, but he uttered no more than a guttural moan. Then they were convinced. The pious ones prayed lest vengeance fall on them for adding to the sorrows of one whom Allah had afflicted. They treated him with marked kindness. He wandered up and down through their lines as of old.

A week later the deaf mute Bedouin wretch turned up in the British lines again. Gangrene had followed that tearing out of finger-nails, and the doctors had to take off his left arm. Then a marvel happened. He began to speak. Vengeance fell heavily upon those miserable followers of the true Prophet. He gave away all their plans, describing positions and batteries and encampments with an accuracy quite amazing in a simple child of the desert.

He is rather a wreck now He had drunk foul water, and dysentery was added to the trouble with his arm.

Again the letter changed to the personal note:

I must say a word about myself. I saw a little place near Aden as we sailed through the Red Sea on that ship, and I was dreaming about it all the way to Colombo. It was a pretty place, plentifully wooded. Of course there was a woman in it, seen at Aden. The stars favored me. The little spot became my home. I have my wife there. If I brought her to England, people would turn up their noses because she is not white-skinned. But she is pure as a lily, and her heart is gold. I am longing to see her again, as pretty a mother of as pretty a pair of girls and as bonnie a lad as ever were born. What do I care if they are dark-skinned? If I were not swarthy myself, where would my bit of spying have come in?

I did want you to know that that scamp of a deaf mute who put you to the trouble and expense of sending him to sea, only to desert within the year, had British blood and British pluck in him, and his devilments helped him when the time came. I knew no army drill; besides, I guessed they might sniff out my character if I applied for enlistment. It struck me that I might work off my deaf and dumb trick on the Turks and perhaps bring a little information if I came across German officers. They would hardly expect a beggar Bedouin mute to know their language. Well, it came off; and three finger-nails and then an arm came off with it. And a few scars which won't come off were added as a sort of make-up. But I played the game better than I did when less depended on it.

I have slipped away as I came. I could do no more good there—a bit of wreck physically and my spy game played out. But somebody is waiting for me at home, thank God. I wish everybody could be sure of such a welcome as I shall get. It will pay for all. Good luck to you, sir; good-bye.

And a message more strange than this arrived in October, 1916. It was a packet that contained what seemed at first sight only some queer botanical specimens—coarse, dried grasses surrounding a single stalk of some kind of orchid with a withered bud. There was not a scrap of writing in the bundle; but one day, when Mr. Holmes picked the withered bud apart, he found within it a mass of tightly packed paper pellets. They made three separate letters when

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at last, after endless labor, they were pieced together. The first in order of date said:

That deaf mute had a job to get home. He reached Bosra more dead than alive, but there, by the grace of Allah, he met his father-in-law, whose ship took him home to Aden. He set out instantly for his home, coming up to the fringe of date-palms before his little place as the sun sank. But the sight which met him made him cry out in terror. Where his dwelling place had been was a heap of ashes. Instinct told him what had chanced. The enemy had discovered and avenged his service to Britain.

Down he went on the ashes in an agony of grief. Weak and ill as he was, he fainted. Surely he had died of a broken heart but presently a tender arm supported his head. A gentle voice coaxed him. He saw his angel of deliverance. Holding his head upon her breast, her soft arms around him as they might have clasped a little child, was she whose spirit had accompanied him in all his wanderings—his precious, lovely, womanly wife. She would not let him speak a word. His children, she told him, were at hand, safe and sound.

They carried him by easy stages to her father's place miles away, where health and strength came back, and they told him that Turkish horsemen had swooped down from the north and razed his place. But she had remained in the neighborhood, waiting for him to return.

The second letter, dated some months later, said:

My Bedouin is himself again, thanks be to Allah. He was at Aden yesterday. And there he heard German spoken by two white men whom the Arabs thought to be British. He placed himself in their way near an unfrequented warehouse in a narrow lane, and spread his mat to make his devotions. Ignoring his presence, they spoke of clocks which Arabs were to be hired to put aboard British vessels among the coal.

That night the mute Bedouin managed, despite his lack of an arm, to clamber into the building. He crept to the chamber inhabited by the infidel pair, and listened to talk concerning a great arsenal near Bagdad. One told of orders he had for the Turkish commander of that arsenal, whither he was proceeding after distributing his store of clocks. He exhibited a gaudy uniform, which lay in a tin box. Then the two went away.

Before dawn that uniform was the property of the Bedouin mute. With four Arab boatmen of his father-in-law's tribe, he had carried away the clocks and the uniform and put them into the hold of an Arab trading vessel close by. In less than a month I hope to reach Bosra. I have reasons for wanting to reach that spot. I owe something to the men who fired my home. I am going right into the jaws of the enemy. If I win I will tell you. If I lose, I fear I shall not be able. News of that arsenal up the Tigris has sent me off again. I hope a little plan I have made will work.

The third and last letter said:

Now I will tell you of my Bedouin. He went up the Tigris in a motor-boat which his father-in-law had bought before the war. On the seventh morning from Bosra he saw the date-palms and minarets of Bagdad.

Steering for a hut on shore, he roused the sleepers. He was no longer a mute, or a Bedouin, but a German officer exhibiting his uniform under a cloak. They hurried to provide bearers for the stuff he had brought, and he was conveyed with his goods into the very gates of the arsenal he had sought.

Marching to the Turkish colonel in charge, he was received with true oriental courtesy but with little favor. They were suspicious at first, but by night-fall he was master there; and he knew that certain directions that he gave for the safe-guarding of his stores would be obeyed. His clocks were wound up and going beautifully. He betook himself into Bagdad for an hour or two, on business.

About midnight the arsenal blew up with a tremendous roar which shook the earth, while flames ascended hundreds of yards. He heard and felt and saw from his boat as he tore down the river.

Rejoining his family at Bosra, he sailed back with them to Mocha; and there he pledged a band of Arabs, friends of his father-in-law, by inviolable oaths to follow him to the death, on the one condition that all plunder taken from those marauding Turks who had destroyed his home should be theirs. The hirelings earned their wages to the full. The Turks who did him injury are no more.

Now the Bedouin is back at Mocha again, happy with his family except for the accursed dysentery which has returned with redoubled severity. Nothing stays it. I write feeling that the question of his recovery is doubtful indeed.

Well, I have nothing to grumble at. I have had my innings. It is a solemn feeling I have. None are far away. Time is nothing and distance nothing. You are thousands of miles away, but I see and hear you clearly. I have not been what I might. Also, I have been misunderstood somewhat.

So ended the record of the man who had been of the army of broken men. He had done his task and his tale was told.

In the end of August, 1916, an Arab woman appeared at a mission hospital leading a horse on which rested her husband. The mission surgeons found him to be an Englishman who had lost an arm and whose body was scarred by burnings. He died within a few days.

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Real Letters

Human documents of personal experiences in the Great War

THIS letter by Miss Elizabeth Bliss, a member of the Smith College Unit stationed at Grécourt, is so intimate an account of the big retreat in front of Amiens, so full of details, all so vividly presented, that we give it in full in this Department. Miss Bliss comes from Worcester, Mass. After her graduation at Smith College she took up social work in New York City, and became a member of the Unit because of her thorough knowledge of social service needs.

We still want readers to send us unusual letters which they, or their friends, may receive; vivid letters of actual experiences from those who are in Red Cross work or on duty in any field of war service; letters in which facts and human interest predominate.

In the Maelstrom of the German Drive

AT ABOUT five o'clock on the twentieth of March, we were invited to go to Hombleux, our nearest village, to the "movies." We loved to go and had been several times, so Daisy Lewis, Marie Wolfe and I went down. Just as we reached there a dispatch rider came up with the message that the Esmery Hallon troops could not come over as they had received marching orders. That was my first suspicion, for I knew they were reserves to be held in readiness in case of a "push." Just then a colonel we knew joined us with the news that Alsatian prisoners had been taken in a raid and given information that the offensive was to begin that night. Of course we were a bit excited, and yet we were so used to rumors that it really didn't affect us very much.

When the movies were over and we started home, the moon was up. The line was perfectly quiet but a great many planes were dropping lighted signals. We were just finishing a very late dinner when firing began, quite heavy but no more than we often heard. These were English guns, trench raids for information probably. This lasted fairly steadily but it was no more intense than often when I went to sleep at about eleven o'clock. The next I remember was being awakened by the most terrible barrage I have ever heard. I looked at my watch and it was exactly 4:30. There was no more sleeping for any of us—it was not only the constant, never ceasing roar of the guns, but the terrific vibration which shook our houses. There is no use trying to describe it; unless you've heard it you can't understand. You probably know that the barrage, which is a heavy artillery duel, precedes any advance in an attack. This barrage lasted ten hours without changing in intensity.

In spite of all the racket and excitement it never entered our heads that the Boche could really get through. We expected good news any second. In the middle of the morning we heard a terrific cannonading but found out it was a big twenty-inch English gun stationed at Ham. Right after lunch Ruth and I started out in the car for Verlaines, where we both had special classes for children on Thursdays. As we neared Verlaines we met refugees fleeing from Ham, which had not been officially evacuated though many of the inhabitants were so terrified that they were getting away at once. It was lucky they did. Well, I calmed down my Verlaines people, played with the children, and then left with Ruth for Ham. By this time you could hear the whistling of the shells through the air. I had read of it before, but in all my seven months in the war zone I had not heard it.

When we got into Ham the streets were filled with ambulances bringing in the wounded, a steady procession of them. I've seen many, since and am somewhat used to them but it was a horrible sight. The casualty clearing station which we passed was filled and new tents were being erected. Troops were pouring through the streets on the way to the front. At that time there was absolutely no sign of any kind of a retreat. The town was full of rumors, good and bad, but we could not get one bit of authentic news. On the way home we carried our first refugees to Ercheu, about ten miles back of Ham.

Thursday night was quieter—no barrage only occasionally heavy guns and many air raids. In our ignorance we thought the worst over, and on Friday morning we started work as usual. About ten o'clock, an English officer whom we knew rode over to warn us. I shall never forget my surprise when he said, "They've broken through and are coming on, thousands and thousands of them. We can't hold them."

Immediately Frances Valentine and I started for Verlaines, but before we even reached there we met many of them en route. There were still many people left and Frances would take a car full while I helped the others to get ready. The town was already full of English who had been in the battle the night before and forced to retreat. In one house there was an old woman who did not wish to leave, and I went there to persuade her to go. The house was in possession of five artillery officers, all of whose guns had been captured during the night. That was the first real information we had been able to get; but they described how wave

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after wave of Germans had come over, and how the heavy ground mist had concealed them until they were near enough for hand to hand struggles. While we were talking a dispatch rider brought them their orders to retreat still farther which, of course, meant the Boche were still advancing. They were about five miles from Verlaines at this time.

While I was working there an English Intelligence Officer came up, asked me who I was, and then told me that there was a family there who were under suspicion as possible spies, whom he had been ordered to evacuate so that they could give no information of any kind to the Germans. He said he was very much needed in another village on a similar errand, and would I give him my word that I would not leave the village until they were moved. I agreed of course, little knowing what I was getting in for. I used every kind of inducement, finally calling in two English officers, before I got that family out.

Finally all of Verlaines were evacuated except for one old couple—and this is one of the awful things that I think will always haunt me, although I was right in my decision, as no human being could have foreseen what happened. Madame Givens was an old woman dying of consumption. An English doctor told me she must not be moved or she would die, and he left a note saying she was ill and begging for consideration for her. This note was *written in German!* The Intelligence Officer wanted all her family moved out, but I finally persuaded him to let her old husband stay with her—it seemed so cruel to separate them—and he agreed not only to that but also to send an ambulance to take them to a hospital train at Amiens. So I left the matter in good hands I thought. Imagine my horror when two days later I met the old man alone in Roye. It seems that the ambulance did not come and that evening, after I left, the old man went for milk to the outskirts of the town to a little farm where his cow was. When he returned the English sentry would not let him enter, probably not understanding his French and thinking he had returned for some household possession, as people were always doing. Can you think of anything more horrible—that old bedridden woman, the only civilian in the whole town, waiting for her husband to come back? Of course we realize there is no doubt but that death came soon, for we know now that there was a fierce battle in those very streets; and if the poor old soul did not die of fright, some merciful shell must have killed her before the Boche were in possession. I won't blame myself for I did what seemed wisest, but what wouldn't I have given if I had taken her with me!

By four o'clock I was the only other civilian in the town, my own special village where I'd worked for weeks. English Tommies were billeted in my little social centre, and horses were turned loose in the gardens and fields we had sown. I can't tell you the sense of desolation I had while I waited for the car to come back for me.

All the rest of that day, until nine at night, we carried refugees on to Ercheu. You can't visualize those roads. Every second the Army steadily retreating, infantry so tired you could hardly bear to look at them, great guns, and always the wagons full of supplies and equipment, ambulances evacuating hospitals; and what "got me" horribly, occasional bands, not playing of course, but looking so pathetically out of place in all the horror. Then, along with all of this, were hundreds and hundreds of refugees. Those who owned a horse or mule were leading it with the wagon piled high with mattresses, chairs, bags of clothing, hens; hundreds were pushing wheelbarrows; cows were everywhere blocking traffic—it was just pandemonium. And remember that every minute the guns were thundering. As for air battles, they were constant. On our third trip into Ercheu a Boche plane flew over us so low we could see the black cross.

About nine that night we decided we had better get back home, for we had not been there since early morning and we did not know what might have occurred there. As we came through the gate we saw a great anti-aircraft gun and the grounds full of English soldiers who were quartered there for the night. Our dining room was full of officers and the girls were cooking madly—of course all our French help had fled. The men were exhausted, having fought or been on the march for 36 hours and having been 24 hours without rations. We warmed up cans of beans, gave them bread and crackers, made macaroni and tea—gallons of tea—it was what they most wanted. Those officers were wonderful—they had been through Hell and it was in their eyes, but their manners, their poise, their calm was just the same. The English are sports of the best kind and I take off my hat to them. We ran that canteen until two, for soldiers kept pouring in; and it was worth having come to France, to have been on the spot when they needed you. Think of what they had been through and what was still ahead of them—and then to find food and rest and *women* in the midst of it. I am so glad we didn't leave when we were first warned! By two, every officer and soldier was asleep and then we got busy and cooked oatmeal and coffee for the whole 200 for breakfast. We were doomed never to eat that meal, but we know they did.

At three Ruth and I went back to our room, and I packed what I could in my duffle bag, burned all my letters and papers and then, without undressing, lay down on the springs of my bed, the mattress being in the dining room under a weary lieutenant.

The first and only time I remember being afraid was then and it wasn't the guns but the awful sound of feet steadily retreating. And the consciousness of the terrible thing swooping down through the land that apparently *nothing* could stop! At four o'clock the machine guns began, which meant that the Germans were very near (probably between three and five miles). The Major appeared and said we must leave! Luckily our cars started with little trouble and in the dark, with three English officers to wish us luck, we rolled out of the gate and headed for Roye with the other refugees.

The first hour that morning on the road was dark but as we left Ercheu the sun came up—another heavenly day—just the kind "Fritz" needed. Sometimes I almost believe he tells the truth with his old "*Gott mit uns*"! Refugees were plodding along, some who had slept by the roadside were starting on again. The Army was still coming steadily, steadily back and it did look a bit black. We got into Roye about six,

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only to find that town also evacuating. We left our bags at an abandoned hospital and then started out in the cars again—some going between Roye and Montdidier, and Frances and I back on the Grécourt road to Ercheu. By this time the Boches were advancing rapidly. It was a hot day and the dust so thick we were soon covered. Fortunately we had with us fresh eggs and milk and so could supply some kind of refreshment to the children and soldiers. One young lieutenant we met had had nothing for 24 hours, and we made him stop and swallow raw eggs and milk—he was nearly exhausted!

It was the same story as the preceding day only there were more refugees—they were more tired and more terrified and a hope of a check to the enemy was even less. By this time we were pretty sure the English did not mean to take a final stand until they reached the old line of the Battle of the Somme, which was the other side of Roye. War was now in the open, the last row of trenches having long since been abandoned, and the English were fiercely contending each foot of ground! Don't let any one try to tell you it was a disorderly retreat—for it was not! The poor 5th Army fought marvelously, and it was not their fault that they could not hold an Army that outnumbered them 8 to 1. If there was a blunder—which only time can tell—it was higher up, and those men who gave their lives that week should be freed of any breath of blame.

All this day we kept meeting men we knew, men who had come to tea or dinner with us, and I loved their attitude. They told us frankly what was ahead of us on the road—where the Germans were, what risks we took, but they left it to our judgment to decide if we wished to take those risks! We were just one of them—the bars were down—and it was marvelous to see how fine people are when all the external, superficial things are stripped away by a great emergency.

Just this side of Ercheu on our third trip we saw a great English artillery section take its stand and were there when the guns opened up. Luckily we had cigarettes for the men.

We got into Roye after our last trip about seven, and had with us the members of several families who had been separated. By this time we had decided to spend that night at Montdidier, so loaded up the cars with refugees and they started off while Daisy and I stayed in Roye "matching up" families—a car to return for us late at night. At the crossroads we met an English sentry who had been traffic man at Ham and who knew us well, and he asked us if we would keep guard at that corner while he guarded the Roye road. So there we stood directing traffic for the Great Retreat! ! ! At eleven the car came back, we took our last load of refugees and started for Montdidier, where we found the hotel closed and had to sneak into a little empty room off a courtyard—where, without undressing or washing, I rolled myself in a blanket on the floor and fell into a dead sleep!

Lufbery—Cool-Headed to the End

THE following is taken from a letter written by one of the original members of the Lafayette Escadrille, a man who was an intimate friend of James McConnell and Victor Chapman, of Norman Prince and Raoul Lufbery. It could hardly come with more authority.

It hardly seems possible that Lufbery is gone; he was such a wonderfully skilled pilot I always expected him to pull through. And to-day I do not believe the Boches got him, but that his airplane was defective and caught on fire. I do not think it has been mentioned in any newspaper account of his death but Lufbery was trying to land in a river when he jumped from his flaming machine; his body fell about four hundred yards from the bank. Even in his last moments the great ace did not lose his *sang-froid*, but leaped with an object in mind other than merely escaping from death by burning.

"Those Heroic Youngsters"

THE writer of this letter, formerly in a New York publishing house, is now a stretcher-bearer on the American front:

I am glad to tell you that I have been in the first *all American* engagement which, though small as compared with Ypres or Verdun, is said to have not been surpassed in intensity. And our men (boys I should say —so young are they) from *your* part of the country (Iowa) fought like hell cats, hand to hand, hour after hour, regaining all they had lost. All that we like to think of for American manhood and fighting was offered here to be blazoned most gloriously in our history. You, my friend, may hold your head higher than ever in pride for your particular part of the country. Nothing can be said too highly of the courage, the fortitude, the determination of those children. And I shall be proud all my life to have done my insignificant part of stretcher-bearing and cigarette-lighting for those heroic youngsters.

One beautiful youth died in my arms like a baby, snuggling his lovely, blond, scarred head into my breast like a tired child. And I do not know his name!

Not one word of regret, not a tear, not a groan in a full hospital. Ah, my friend, Golgotha was not greater than this, and every mother here represented is an undying Mary.

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Behind the Service Flag

An interview with W. FRANK PERSONS, *Director General of Civilian Relief of the Red Cross*, by Francis R. Bellamy

IN THOSE European countries where war is actually being waged, the statement is common that the war will be won by that nation whose people do not break beneath the strain. We all know now that the motive back of the Hun's continued bombardment of Paris, the reason for the unrestricted submarine warfare in the Atlantic, the incentive for the fiendish airplane raids at night on London and Paris, on Padua and Venice, and on all the Italian cities and villages, is the desire to wear down the population to the breaking point. Even as far south as Naples, the explosion of gas bombs in the streets of defenceless villages attest to this desire.

The Hun is thorough. It is his hope that, failing in military victory, he will make European social conditions so outrageous that the great mass of people, working doggedly in French towns and Italian villages and English cities, will say to one another: "Is anything worth such a sacrifice?"

So far, we in America have been spared air raids in which scores of bombing planes drop tons of explosives, demolishing city blocks and cathedrals, schools and Red Cross hospitals. Our soldiers do not yet lie beneath Flanders' fields, albeit they are in sight of them. Our women do not work behind the German lines nor in distant Austrian munition factories, destitute and alone. The Kaiser has not yet painted on America the picture he has completed on the canvas of Belgium, Serbia, and Poland.

Yet we are beginning to have our social war problem, too, although it is a different one from that of our European Allies. A million of our boys are in France to-day, 3,000 miles away. Here in America we are undergoing all the changes that war brings while, day by day, loneliness is adding its weight to many other burdens. Mails are uncertain and endlessly slow in bringing news. There is an hour after supper, indeed, when our soldiers cease to be parts of an army sent across the world to defeat the Huns and become simply our brothers or sons who are no longer with us at twilight. Will there ever come a time, when casualty lists lengthen and war brings its inevitable burdens of sorrow, when we will ask: "Is anything worth such a sacrifice?"

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W. Frank Persons, Director General of Civilian Relief of the American Red Cross, whose marked executive ability ably fits him for the task he has undertaken

Here is America's problem: the problem of the distant soldier and the family he has left here; the problem of saying to the boys in Europe in a hundred ways, day in and day out, "We are with you!" And meanwhile, of caring, to the last ounce of our ability, for those whom they love best in the world and whom they have left here that they might fight for humanity.

So far as the soldier is concerned, the Army itself has placed many safeguards around him; it is feeding him well, it is clothing and housing him well. His health is being looked after; he is being insured. In the camps, in this country and abroad, various organizations are looking after his welfare, religiously and recreationally. Where the families are concerned the Government has made allowances to dependents. How far, however, is the Red Cross going in backing up the American soldier and the American people so that they do not break beneath the strain of what may be a long war?

Well, there is one man in Washington who can answer the question. He is W. Frank Persons, Director General of Civilian Relief of the Red Cross. Mr. Persons knows what is being done to meet this particular problem. That he is

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helping to do it does not prevent him from seeing all sides of his task.

An experience of his a good many years ago taught him clearness of vision. When he was a junior in Cornell College in Iowa, he was assigned to the affirmative side of a debate which had for its subject: "Resolved, That Educational Tests Are Desirable as a Means of Restricting Immigration." He won the debate. A year later he was called upon to argue the same proposition, but this time on the negative side. Here was a situation, plainly, which demanded more than ordinary knowledge—to win a verdict against one's self. In the emergency, he bethought himself of a friend of his whose father sent cattle to the New York markets. Could he not travel as a cattle man, get some first hand facts, and find the truth?

One week later he arrived in New York at the old Erie Station and, leaving his cattle tending, he set out for the old Barge Office, where the seekers for the promised land then landed. For a week he spent his time becoming acquainted with live immigrants. As a result, one fact was pounded into his consciousness: he had been wrong in his previous debate. Native character was the only just basis on which to build future citizenship. With the actual facts in hand he returned to Iowa, reversed the verdict and won the debate.

Out of that experience has grown the fairness, which is to-day one of Mr. Persons's chief characteristics, and that passion for social work which has culminated in his present responsibilities.

When Mr. Persons took charge of the Red Cross Civilian Relief in 1917, two things were very apparent to him. One was the necessity for an organization in every community to minister to the needs of the families whom the soldiers would leave behind; the other was the need for trained, informed workers to handle efficiently, democratically and sympathetically, all the family troubles which were bound to occur. This upholding of family standards and the happiness of a nation was not, by any means, a job for an amateur.

Mr. Persons commenced work at once. By winter tremendous exertions throughout the country had convinced almost all of the need for Home Service sections to solve the complicated problems of war, including the questions of insurance and allotment. In twenty-five of our larger cities "Home Service Institutes" had been opened and were at work supplying trained workers to direct the sections. By January of this year, when the Home Service directors met in Washington, the first steps had been taken. The framework of the organization had been completed, many thousands of families were being aided, and hundreds of sections were in complete working order. In the months since the organization has been steadily growing.

The achievements of this organization, however, have not yet been tabulated. Is this vast association of workers beginning to produce results? Is it prepared to face the future— the social problem that has become more definitely a war problem?

Big, capable looking, evidently much in earnest, Mr. Persons reëchoed the questions as he sat back in his office chair.

"Well, we've gone a long way since I saw you in January," he said; "we're getting there. But——"

He tossed a letter across to me. "Read that," he said, "just to see how far we still are from our ideal." I noticed the heading as I read:

Croix Rouge Americaine, Paris, France.

DEAR MR. PERSONS:

I saw McHenry of the 113th —— at the base hospital, the day I cabled you. He had just got word that his mother, who is his sole relative, had been taken sick all alone in her North Carolina farmhouse. He wasn't young nor romantic nor soldierly-looking as he lay there burning with fever and swathed in bandages —just a poor, miserable, homesick human being. His amazement and gratitude that anybody should have taken the trouble to come and see him was pathetic, and he kept repeating, "You are only the *second* lady I have spoken to since I enlisted eleven months ago." When I told him that the Red Cross would look after his mother I could hardly keep back the tears—he was so pitiful and humble and apologetic. Just before I left him he said, "Please feel under my pillow and get my purse. There are forty-five cents in that and I want you to take it to the Red Cross. I have everything I need here and the paymaster will be around again." I just fled out of the ward while I could see the way——

"It's an exceptionally lonely case, of course," Mr. Persons interrupted, "but it does indicate what a tremendous need there is for backing up the boys who go into uniform. We have got to keep at it until the first news such a boy gets about his mother's illness is that the Red Cross is looking out for her. In this instance, the mother's name was cabled to us, one of our Home Service women went immediately to see her, and to-day his mother is in a hospital where she is getting all possible care."

Mr. Persons rose and paced the floor for an instant.

"The work of our Home Service people, both abroad and in this country, has become a series of pictures—pictures for which in some degree all of us are responsible—pictures that I wish every one could see as the Home Service sees them.

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"Down on the East Side of New York, for instance, there is sitting a lonely lady listening to a victrola; her son is in France. When the boy enlisted, he made out his allotment to her. She had just bought a hundred dollar victrola on the instalment plan. Last spring the rising prices brought her face to face with a new problem. On her income and allotment she couldn't live and keep up the payments, and the victrola was her consolation. She said to the Home Service worker, 'Must I give up both my boy and my victrola?'

"Well, it was a hard question. But the Red Cross worked out a solution for her food problem and exchanged her victrola for a cheaper one. She is now getting on very happily. With the victrola she can get comfort until the end of the war. All that she needed was a little *real* sympathy and some good advice. And her son on the firing line now feels vastly different about her, knowing that she is comfortable.

"That is one picture. Here is another. In a Pennsylvania village one of the tragedies of peace occurred just before war was declared. A young railroad brakeman, who had married a childhood sweetheart, found that his wife had tuberculosis and was dying. He could not afford a nurse so a woman friend of theirs took care of his wife. Despite all their efforts, however, his wife died and he enlisted in the army. A month later he discovered that the friend herself had become infected with tuberculosis. He felt that the only possible restitution he could make was to marry her and give her his allotment and, in case of death, his insurance. He did so.

"When the Red Cross stepped in, the new wife had become so ill she could no longer work, the soldier was in France, and the allotment had not yet come. You can imagine there was some pretty prompt action. To-day the girl has every chance of recovery. . . .

"In an Indiana town once every two weeks an old man climbs with some difficulty on an interurban car and makes the journey to the city hospital, two hours distant, to be treated for cancer. Two months ago a fake hospital in a distant state promised to cure him for a certain sum—about all the money he had—and he came to the Red Cross for advice. Our people discovered that the offer was a fraud, secured and now are helping him pay for proper treatment, and he is writing to his son in France that he is getting better. These are merely the outlines of one or two cases from a thousand.

"In many cities we are finding thousands of women who are bravely taking care of themselves and of two, three and four children—getting up before dawn, cooking the breakfast and preparing the lunch for the family, dressing the children for school, doing the washing and mending on Sundays and, in addition, putting in every week day at hard work in a canning factory, a shoe factory, or a department store—veritable heroines of the war. We are helping them wherever we find them.

"In addition, there is another and vastly important side to the work, a side which is directly connected with the future of our soldiers and their families as well as of America itself. I mean the work among the families of our naturalized citizens.

"That side is always typified for me by a New Jersey laborer, a naturalized Pole, who, impelled, I suppose, by the tragedy of his native land, volunteered in our army last summer before the allotment law had been passed. There must have been something latent in the man because, despite his limited knowledge of English, he had become a sergeant by the time our Home Service people first got in touch with his wife and three children.

"We found the family in a really pathetic condition. They had always been forced to live from hand to mouth and were sadly in need of help. We gave it at once, of course. But in a few weeks we began to see an infinitely greater problem ahead. In the Army, the sergeant was meeting and mixing with many kinds of men whom he had never known before. His ideas were changing; he was becoming thoroughly Americanized, fluent in English and alive to a new existence. His family, meanwhile, was at a standstill. Their mode of living was unchanged, their Americanization retarded. What would happen if this gulf kept widening as the war went on?

"The Home Service recognized the problem at once. They encouraged the wife to learn English, to go to the Red Cross, to join in other community activities, and in every way to make herself a worthy wife of an American officer as her husband might prove to be. Gradually her horizon was widened. To-day her husband is a top sergeant and she is rapidly becoming a wide-awake American woman, instead of a Polish laborer's wife.

"From these few instances you can see how tremendously complex have become the problems confronting the Home Service. But we are actually in operation everywhere and beginning to see results. That is a cheering reflection. Do not think, however, that we are satisfied with our 5,000 sections, our 40,000 workers and our expenditure of $2,000,000 in direct aid to 300,000 families. We want to keep pace with the rapidly increasing forces of the nation. We want to offer instant assistance to every soldier

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and to follow it through. Our institutes are turning out workers every day, but we shall not be satisfied until we have made the Home Service a part of the Nation's consciousness, so that every one will turn instinctively to it in time of need. We want the picture of home that is mirrored in letters to soldiers and sailors to be a reassuring and inspiring one—one well worth fighting for. That is our resolution.

"In France we are making every effort to get that picture across to the soldiers, too. Some time ago we decided to extend our work to every division in the Army, both here and abroad. Pretty soon, no matter where the soldier goes, there will be a Home Service man close to him. Chaplains, Y.M.C.A. workers, Knights of Columbus men—the representatives of all organizations—are being put in touch with the Home Service of the Red Cross. At each staff headquarters is a Home Service man, and every Red Cross worker, every doctor, nurse and hospital attendant, will know of him, and where his office can be found. And these representatives will forward soldiers' questions to headquarters; from headquarters, messages will be relayed to Paris and the answers sent back to the soldiers who have made the inquiries.

"Here's a sample of the cablegrams which are pouring across the ocean to France every day:

Red Cross, Paris, France.

Tell Private C. T. Whitney message delivered. Allotment followed Payment secured seven months.

J. D. Vandervent's mother well, writing regularly. He is entirely forgiven for marriage, financial condition good.

Henry T. Darmville: mother well, appreciated inquiry, good shape financially, only concerned about boy's delayed pay. Wife with uncle, boy born June, feeling fine, congratulations.

(Signed) DAVISON, Red Cross.

"No one can realize how much such messages mean to men in hospitals and in camps in France. These are the most pressing cases, of course. In many instances we write. It is one part of our effort to paint a true picture of home conditions for the soldiers and sailors who are in Europe. I think we are beginning to get it across.

"I cannot begin to emphasize strongly enough how important this phase of 'getting the message across' is just at this moment.

"I have recently come back from France. I saw our boys in French ports, in camps, on the firing line, quartered in the French villages and brigaded with the French and British regiments. Their spirit naturally was fine. But they were a long, long way from home. Even general news of the United States was given incredibly little space in the European newspapers; so little, that the Army bulletin boards were supplied every day with a limited cable service of one hundred words telling just what we were doing over here. The real home news, however, that the boys get comes in letters, and letters are heartbreakingly slow in arriving. Occasionally they are lost, in which event explanations of previous worries are never received.

"You can imagine the feeling of loneliness which several months of such silence can give to a boy in France, particularly if he is quartered in one of the sleepy, provincial villages with its quaint houses, cobbled streets and manure heaps, surroundings so plainly different from Main Street on Saturday night, back home in the Middle West.

"It is everybody's duty to write and write and write to the boys they know in France, enclosing photographs whenever possible. And if there is any one who cannot write a cheerful letter, tell that person to go to the Red Cross Home Service Section. Incidentally, too, it's the gossip of home that makes a hit, not the general news!

"In the Army and Navy campaigns are beginning which will inform every Army and Navy officer of the new state of affairs. In America we propose to make each Red Cross Chapter responsible for the welfare of the family of every man that has entered service from its community. Behind it is our hope to make Home Service a living application of American social ideas, so that sentimental, harmful giving will be done away with and in its place will come a system of help that will elevate the lives of us all—a service carried out as a matter of justice, and done so well and with such conviction that we won't think of giving it up when the war is over and the immediate necessity of keeping our morale at high pitch is passed."

An hour later, in the cable room of the Red Cross Building in Washington, I saw an illustration of how quickly a plan sometimes becomes a reality. On a blue cablegram before me was the message:

Davison, Red Cross, Washington.

Send Red Cross Director with each army division hereafter as it embarks for Europe.

(Signed) PERKINS.

No, there isn't much doubt that the Army and the Red Cross in France will do their parts. What is more cheering, however, is to know that in this country now there is a Red Cross hand of sympathy saluting every service flag. The question, "Is anything worth such a sacrifice?" is not going to be asked in America. Not this year, nor any other—if the Red Cross can help it!

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Caught by the Germans

An American boy, on a vacation in France, lost for three years

By Daniel T. Pierce

OF THE millions of boys in the United States, no one has, or ever can have, the experience that has fallen to the lot of fifteen-year-old Constantine Coin. American born of French parents who lived in Illinois, Constantine, with his mother, was visiting an aunt in Roubaix when the war started. He was not well enough to make the journey back to his American home when the German invasion began and so, thinking that she was leaving him in perfect safety in Roubaix, his mother came back to America.

It was not long before Constantine and his aunt were caught in the invader's net and sent to Germany where, for nearly three years, he was held in captivity. But finally, in September, 1917, he was sent back to France through Switzerland. At Evian, through which fifty thousand other French and Belgian boys, girls, women, and old men have returned to France, Constantine was met by a Red Cross representative. As "the first American *rapatrié*," he was the centre of interest. A cable was promptly sent to the Red Cross Headquarters in Washington, to advise his mother that the boy had been found, and back came the answer that his mother wanted her boy sent home to Illinois as quickly as possible.

Not once in the three years spent in Germany had the boy or his aunt been able to send word to the mother that he was alive

Constantine went to Paris and, for several weeks, served as a *chasseur* at Red Cross Headquarters—one of a corps of uniformed messengers who are indispensable to the working of the Red Cross machine, with its endless errands to be executed all over Paris and between its different offices and warehouses. The boy was apparently happy but over-quiet for his age. He left Paris before very long to stay a while with a cousin at Le Havre and then to journey back to the United States—four years after the quiet start of his vacation visit to France.

Among the many thousands of children in that maelstrom of returning French at Evian, was an American boy, Constantine Coin

Neither to his companions nor to the many others who tried to get him to tell of his experience in Germany would Constantine talk. The French Intelligence Officer at Evian has had the same experience with thousands that his Red Cross friends had with Constantine. Some of the very young children who are returned to France through Evian cannot speak French and have been taught to sing German songs; but Constantine was too old to have his mind poisoned or to lose his native English or adopted French.

Perhaps at home and freed from the shock of his experience, Constantine himself will tell a better story than this of his remarkable adventures.

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Saving Crops by Community Work

By Lewis and Mary Theiss

AN APPLE orchard on the Eastern Shore in Maryland hung heavy with fruit, the laden branches bent almost to the ground with luscious red apples. The season was far advanced. Frost and possibly destructive cold were at hand. Yet the orchard was strangely deserted. The owner and an aged Negro formed the entire harvest crew. Silently they toiled, trying to salvage something from the threatened wreck of a season's labor. Their fingers were nimble enough but their hearts were heavy. For the loss of the apple crop meant more to the owner than the mere waste of a summer's toil. Food was about to be lost; and the world was starving.

Then there came rolling along a luxurious automobile, guided by a woman, and filled with women. The woman at the wheel surveyed the bending branches, noted the absence of pickers, and comprehended the entire situation. With a woman's sense of thrift she rebelled at the threatened loss of food.

"Would you accept women as pickers?" she asked the owner of the orchard

"I'd take anybody that would pick the fruit right," was the reply.

"Then I'll get your apples picked for you," said the woman. "I will get a party together and be the captain of it."

When next the automobile rolled up to the orchard it carried five additional women fellow club members of the driver's—and six lunch baskets. The rest of the story is best told in the words of the captain of the apple pickers.

"We commenced at eight o'clock. It was a cold, frosty morning. We made eight hours, and when the day was far spent we had picked 300 bushels. Mr. Drake was so pleased he hardly knew what to say. He asked us if we would help another day. We said we would—all but two—so next day four of us went, made eight hours, and picked 200 bushels.

"He said he never had anybody do work more satisfactorily than we women did—just as carefully as if he had done it himself; and he wanted us to set our own wages. We did not want to do that, but he insisted; and finally we asked him twenty cents an hour. He said he would gladly pay that if it was enough. And he gave us each two baskets of beautiful luscious apples. We called it two of the most delightful days we had spent for a long time."

Such is the story of how Miss Sarah Hoffman, of Ridgely, Maryland, and her fellows of the Ridgely Community Club did with their might what their hands found to do toward making the world safe for democracy. And like the little lump of leaven that leaveneth the whole lump, their example made others willing, so that soon there were more volunteer apple pickers than Mr. Drake could use. Hundreds of dollars' worth of food was saved saved because a woman was willing to do the task that lay at her hand.

If we are to win this war, that is what all of us will have to do—perform the service, however humble and unromantic, that lies at our hands And one of these duties is to go into the fields and help the farmers with their crops. Our farms have been stripped of helpers. A recent farm survey in Pennsylvania, for instance, shows that there are only 80,000 farm-hands in the state. Eight years ago, when the farmers were complaining at the labor shortage, there were 162,000.

In the memorial presented to President Wilson on the first of last February by the 2,000,000 farmers represented by the Federal Board of

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Farm Organizations, it was stated that "Since the war began in 1914, and before the first draft was made, there is reason to believe, more farm workers had left the farms than there are men in our Army and Navy together." And during the months since America entered the war, it is estimated fully 600,000 additional workers have been drawn away from the soil.

Mr. P. V. Hicks, manager of The Million Egg Farm, near Brown's Mills, New Jersey, was quoted in a Philadelphia newspaper last fall as saying: "The poultry business in this section is being knocked to pieces by lack of labor. Raisers are shutting down and killing off their laying hens. Our own place has fallen off 60 per cent. of capacity. We have not enough men to run the plant, let alone to dig 200 bushels of potatoes still in the ground. My best men were taken in the draft. My working staff is 50 per cent. short and two teams are idle. Because they fear a worse shortage of help next harvest, Jersey farmers are planting about 25 per cent. less winter wheat than last year. My case is typical of central Jersey."

"At this moment I have 200 acres of corn," Mr. L. T. Hallock, of Clayton, New Jersey, said to an interviewer late last fall, "and have about given up hope of getting men to shock it. I have a herd of 150 cattle on my hands and have tried without effect to get four milkers. People do not seem to realize the gravity of the situation."

IDAHO WOMEN ACT

The autumn of 1917 found the state of Idaho blessed and burdened with enormous crops of fruit: blessed, because the rich yields were sadly needed; burdened, because the state was stripped of its usual supply of harvesters. Millions of dollars in money and food enough to feed an army were at stake. Through the *Idaho Statesman* there was issued a call for help.

Men, women, and children—hundreds upon hundreds of them—went into the orchards and fields. Prominent among the men was Chas. L. Joy, President of the Boise Commercial Club; while the women were headed by Mrs. Wm. E. Borah, wife of United States Senator Borah. Twenty members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church of Caldwell, headed by their president, Mrs. W. T. Kimbrough, put their houses in order, donned their aprons, and sallied forth on a Friday morning to the orchard of W. C. Postlewaite. That day they earned twenty dollars. The next day they worked in the orchard of Dr. J. S. Myers. And having gained facility with practice, they were able to earn twenty-three dollars. These sums went to the church building fund. On Tuesday these housewives were back in the orchard again; and during the remainder of the fruit picking season the church fund profited by their labors to the extent of about $125 a week. Most of the money earned by these women was turned over to the women's committee of the Council of National Defence, to the Red Cross, and to other patriotic funds.

MILL HANDS HELP IN PENNSYLVANIA

Another person who seized the opportunity to help with the harvests was Manager T. J. Whittaker, of the Hazle Knitting Mills at Hazleton, Pennsylvania. When the cry of the farmers arose for help, he answered by taking his mill-hands and going forth to the harvest fields.

"There really is no secret connected with this work," he wrote us, "and a great deal of good can be done in this way. The farm that we worked at is nine miles from our factory, which distance was covered by automobile. Those who could get away Saturday morning did so, the remainder leaving Saturday noon, when the factory closed. We also worked all day Sunday. We did this for three Saturdays and three Sundays, and the results were very satisfactory, there being a good many hundred bushels of apples picked, and potatoes gathered, and corn cut. On our way to this farm one Saturday morning we picked up several boys and took them along. It was surprising to know how many apples they picked and how nimble they were in the trees."

We are told that "in union there is strength." And in planning to help with the harvests we shall find our efforts made more effective through organization. That fact was shown in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, when L. J. Fisk, Superintendent of the State Employment Bureau in Zone Five, took it upon himself to help out the farmers in his section.

One day a farmer came into Mr. Fisk's office. "I'm stuck," he said, "and stuck bad. I must have help or I can't get my corn in. I've got 45 acres ripe and it's got to be cut within a few days or I'll lose every bushel of my crop."

Mr. Fisk went to the editorial office of a local newspaper. "I want to get hold of every man in this city who is willing to go out to a farm and work on Sunday," he explained.

"I'll get them for you," said the city editor, "and I'll go myself."

Fifteen men from that newspaper force volunteered their services. A city councilman joined the crew. Men from factories and foundries swelled the ranks. Sunday came. Thirty-eight men, captained by a jeweler, and accompanied by Mr. Fisk, boarded the 8.35 train and at 9:30 were in the corn field. When night came the

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entire 45 acres of corn were cut and shocked. The crop was saved. And 150 bushels of corn previously cut by the farmer were husked and hauled to the crib.

For when other farmers learned that men from the city could and would help with the harvest, requests for help poured into Mr. Fisk's office from all quarters. His crew of volunteers grew apace. Soon he had one hundred men, then two hundred, then three hundred. And before the season ended he had sent 321 men out to do week-end work in the fields.

And one thing was demonstrated that is vital in this entire matter: The fact, often lost sight of, that many city men are only a little less skilled at farm work than the farmers themselves; for the farm-hands that have been drifting away from the land for the past decade are now mostly residents of cities. Among Superintendent Fisk's week-end harvesters were two who, on one Sunday in the fields, husked together 93 shocks of corn, while another pair husked 82 shocks—a record that few farm-hands will excel.

EAGER CHILDREN IN FARM WORK

Nor must we overlook that great source of power, as yet practically untapped, the children of America. It is true that they are not the most desirable helpers for the farmers. But organization can help them to accomplish wonders. On that same Maryland shore where women demonstrated the fact that feminine help is not to be scorned in the harvest field, boys proved the same thing with regard to children. For the migration of 15,000 Negro laborers to the north last summer, left the truckers with 4,000,000 bushels of potatoes in the ground which they did not know how to harvest. A thousand Boy Scouts from near-by cities helped to save the crop.

And in Idaho, when the prune and apple harvest was so plenteous and the laborers so few, 500 high school students in Boise answered the call for volunteer harvesters. Arrangements were made whereby they could make up whatever school work they missed. The School Agricultural Director, Mr. Mac Hoke, divided the volunteers into teams of ten, each team being captained by a leader of its own selection. Boys and girls worked separately. The experienced fruit handlers were placed together and sent out first, the inexperienced being held in reserve. Every request for help was promptly met, as many as 360 pupils being sent to work on a single day.

In order to guard against truancy, each picker was required to answer roll-call before setting forth for the orchard. And every night the captain of each team telephoned to Mr. Mac Hoke the score of work done by his team and by each individual member of it. These scores, showing the complete record of every picker, were daily posted on a school blackboard. Great rivalry developed among the various teams. The entire school became engrossed in the contest, for such it rapidly became—a contest to see which team would do the most work.

Unexpectedly enough the girls, who wore "coveralls," picked apples just as successfully as the boys, though they could not pick quite so many in a day. They were decidedly popular with the farmers because of the ease with which they worked, the care they took with the fruit, and their general good deportment.

Small as the rates of remuneration were, these high school children received more than $3,000 from the prune harvest alone. They picked 267 tons of prunes and 10,000 boxes of apples. And Director Harvey Allred, of the State Farm Markets Bureau, is authority for the statement that the children of Idaho last fall picked a million dollars' worth of fruit that, without their labor, would inevitably have been lost.

HOW THE RED CROSS CAN ASSIST

If, with fewer than two millions of men under arms, our farmers are short of help, what must inevitably be the situation when our armies shall number three millions or four millions or five millions, as they assuredly soon will? In common with business and industry, agriculture must inevitably continue shorthanded. The increased use of machinery will offset the lack of labor to a certain extent. But human help there must be, especially with the harvests. And since food production is vital and fundamental, we shall have to extend our patriotic activities from knitting socks and making bandages and selling bonds and growing war gardens to helping the farmer.

We shall best accomplish this through organization. Of making many organizations there is, in these days, no end. But new organizations are not necessary or desirable to carry on this work. Any organization that can command the work of a given number of hands can offer those hands to the farmers as well as to any other service. Probably no organization can more easily help in this work than the Red Cross. For, in spirit, at least, it has taken for its own the motto of the Latin poet, Terence: "Nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me." Everywhere and in every way does the Red Cross manifest its broad spirit of helpfulness. Now it is ministering to suffering democracy. What better could it do than, in helping with the harvests, minister to starving democracy?

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An Artist at the Front

By Captain Louis Keene, C. E. F.

LOUIS KEENE is a graduate of Dartmouth College who was doing drawings and cartoons on a Montreal paper when the war broke out. He enlisted immediately in a machine gun company and sailed with the first Canadian contingent the last week of September, 1914. He has published a delightful narrative of his experiences, entitled, "Crumps." Captain Keene came back last year, his right hand smashed by a piece of high explosive. A few of Captain Keene's sketches appear on the following pages.

TO FIRE a machine gun or to paint a picture is similar only in this respect—one often sits at both occupations.

I went over not to do drawings, but with the hope that I might be able to do my share in making fewer and better Germans. I was a machine gunner and not an artist.

Being an artist by previous profession, however, it is only to be expected that I was able to analyze the effects, which give to veterans of war (who spend only a comparatively small part of their lives fighting) material for conversation until they die.

The activities of battle and the devastation of war are so wonderful, so tremendous, that everything else is puny in comparison. When I came back home I was surprised that it was still possible for artists to draw and paint as usual. Still Life, Baby saying its Prayers at Mother's Knee, Seventeenth Century Lovers fooling around gnarled oak trees—all this stuff seemed so childish and trivial. I felt that I had subjects for a thousand pictures.

It is only by personal contact or a vivid imagination that one realizes that the war is absolutely the only thing that counts now.

Sketching at the front is interesting and dangerous, interesting on account of the subjects and dangerous from shells which are entirely unprejudiced. Fragments kill an artist as readily as an infantryman.

In my time it was safe to sketch only amongst troops where one was known. A man with a note-book working alone looked like a spy. And the successful termination of a spy hunt meant fifty dollars bonus and, what was infinitely more desirable, a week's furlough for the spy hunter.

Nobody believes that an artist makes a good soldier. Hindenburg is supposed to be an artist, but Germans hasten to tell you that he is a poor one. It is essential to be a good soldier first, last, and all the time. Don't give your superiors the chance, when you have filled out Army Form 832 in triplicate, instead of Army Form 8721 in duplicate, of saying, "Oh, he's an artist." It doesn't pay.

Scraps of paper came in handy for sketches, but mine were done more to please men in the unit than with the idea of making a permanent collection. Several times a "crump" would go landscape gardening, and the mud and débris thrown on an uncompleted sketch would cause an undesirable finish to the sketch.

Impressions stick; certain things remain absolutely engraved on my mind. I remember that a high electric standard near the old railroad station at Ypres had a trestle support made of steel like the mast of a war ship. A shell had bored a neat hole through it, leaving only one single strand of steel holding the light. I recall a blazing dump in the Boche lines, from which hundreds of beautiful, blazing rockets illuminated the remains of an old château, the reflections silhouetted the skeleton, and I remember every beam. Several dozen mine sweepers going down the English Channel, in the twilight on a summer's night, en route for the Dardanelles, looked so beautiful that they were almost ethereal.

Nature and destruction combined have made scenes which cannot have been equalled since the earth was in the process of formation. These are the things which artists have seen who have been there, and they have been given material for painting which they cannot ever forget.

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The Trench Raid

Anything liable to hurt animals is collected

Happy all the Time—Salisbury Plain

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Canadians Passing Through the Ruins of Ypres, 1915

The Gunner

The First Winter

The Transport Officer

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Strong Life—Long Life

OUR soldiers work, become husky, fit for war—perhaps for suffering and even for death. Are we not willing to make ourselves fit and strong to live, far from imminent danger? Our daily work must be done better, more quickly, with less loss! Each of us must add to his effectiveness; each must be a man and a quarter, or a man and a half in practical outfit. It is to help us all to take this job seriously and cheerfully that we are continuing a little series of articles which may develop into an important department. In each article there is a bit of useful information, or fact, or suggestion. Condensed though these paragraphs are there is real food for thought and practice in each one. They are written by Miss Emily Frances Robbins, who was joint author, with Professor Fisher of Yale, of that important report, "The Conservation of Human Life," issued by Congress. Miss Robbins has for some years been associated with the Life Extension Institute.

The Moccasin Trail

Prolonged standing and faulty footgear are important factors in causing weak or flat feet

THE man who toes out cannot follow for long a "moccasin trail." It is a path beaten by feet that have the power to endure long journeys and bear heavy burdens. It is trod only by feet that toe slightly in.

In order to walk rapidly and far, as the Indian often does, the foot must grip the ground. The big toe muscle must assist in "levering" the body forward. To do this, the foot must be placed in the natural relation to the leg, represented by the slightly toeing-in posture, and the big toe must not be deflected outward by shoes that run to a point. In such a position its muscle is useless

The moccasin trail is narrow and concave. It is not like the flat city sidewalk. If you toe out, your foot strikes along the upward sides of the trail, and when you would spring forward, there is no muscular power to assist you. The inner side of the foot, instead of "biting the ground," merely rolls over. By such use the arch soon weakens or falls altogether. Pain in the foot and legs and fatigue through the back and whole body are the result.

Hard board, cement, and stone sidewalks are a severe strain on the foot, and a radical test of foot endurance. Those who must use such sidewalks need to know how to walk in order to conserve foot power to the utmost. Many cases of so-called rheumatism, overwork, and discouragement, can be traced to weak or fallen arches, brought on by wrong foot posture on city pavements, or indoor work standing on a hard floor.

When standing, the feet should form two sides of a square. By practising walking on a chalk line drawn on the floor, the habit of toeing straight forward or slightly inward can be acquired.

Besides faulty posture when walking and muscular disuse of the limbs, excessive weight combined with lack of exercise, prolonged standing, and faulty footgear are important factors in causing weak or flat feet and their attendant evils. The ordinary pointed toe is an abomination. Besides hindering the foot in its work, it causes bunions and joint troubles. A shoe should be made with a straight inner edge, or with a slightly incurved edge, depending to some extent on the individual formation of the foot.

Ordinary arch supports as found in the shops are not advised, as they merely act as crutches or splints and may even add to the muscular weakness which is the primary cause of weak arches. A brace fitted by an orthopedist, after a plaster cast has been taken, may be an important part of scientific treatment. Such treatment should be sought if proper shoes, exercise, and correction of foot posture do not suffice.

Think of the moccasin trail when you walk!

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Why That Monday Languor!

After a Sunday of inertia and heavy eating, Monday is a day of greatest languor

THE days when you work the hardest are not necessarily the days when you feel most tired. Very healthy individuals confess that they can work all day at some hard manual labor and experience nothing more than a pleasant mild fatigue. On the other hand, who has not experienced even exaggerated exhaustion after a day of some simple sedentary occupation, or of doing practically nothing at all?

This common experience is one of the manifestations of the vital relation that exists between food and fatigue. Monday, after a day of rest from physical exertion, is often one of greatest languor. For this we must hold the Sunday dinner largely responsible—the extra meats and gravies which we indulge in, the ice cream or heavy pudding, the week-end box of candy.

You can make yourself tired, or promote rest, by what you eat. The most fatiguing foods may be said to be sweetbreads, liver, kidney, and meats of that character. They contain specially fatiguing properties, in addition to those which arise from putrefactive processes which are so active in meats generally. The least fatiguing foods may be said to be fresh fruits. When you experience violent fatigue from only slight exertion, it is a good idea to cut out meat or eggs for a few meals, and to eat fruit almost exclusively.

Fruit also promotes recuperation from fatigue by its tendency to keep the bowels open. Constipation is one of the greatest causes of undue fatigue and drowsiness. For constipation the diet is almost always directly responsible

So long as the custom of the special Sunday dinner continues, the Monday menu should be intelligently chosen to make up the health deficit. To obviate the evils of the excesses of one day, it is desirable to know what to choose to balance the account the next day. A special feature of fruit on Monday would be a good habit to establish. Two wholesome ripe bananas still sell at a fairly reasonable price, and may be served in a variety of ways as vegetable or dessert, so that one need not worry about the cost, which is not reckoned in dollars alone.

An abstemious Sunday dinner is wise preparation for a rested Monday morning.

A Secret For Economy With Health

PROFESSOR Graham Lusk calls attention to the fact that no matter how difficult living may become in America, it will be better than the best times for many of the peasants of Europe.

The peasants in southern Italy, for instance, even in normal peace times, have hardly anything to eat during the year except cornmeal, olive oil, beans, and green stuffs. They have thrived on this diet for generations. They are the ones who do our hardest work in America. Professor Lusk says that before these people came to this country they had no milk, no cheese, and no eggs, and that they had meat in the form of fat pork only three or four times a year. The saving ingredient in their dietary, was green leaves.

Cabbage and beet leaves supply minerals, and other substances not fully understood, which we must have in order to keep well. The peasant would weaken and sicken on a cornmeal and oil diet mixed with beans and flavored with a little garlic if he did not have the green leaves. They supply the same ingredient that butter does, one which is important for growing children.

The hardships of war teach us the value of some of the simplest and most fundamental things in life.

Italian peasants are the ones who do the hardest work in America

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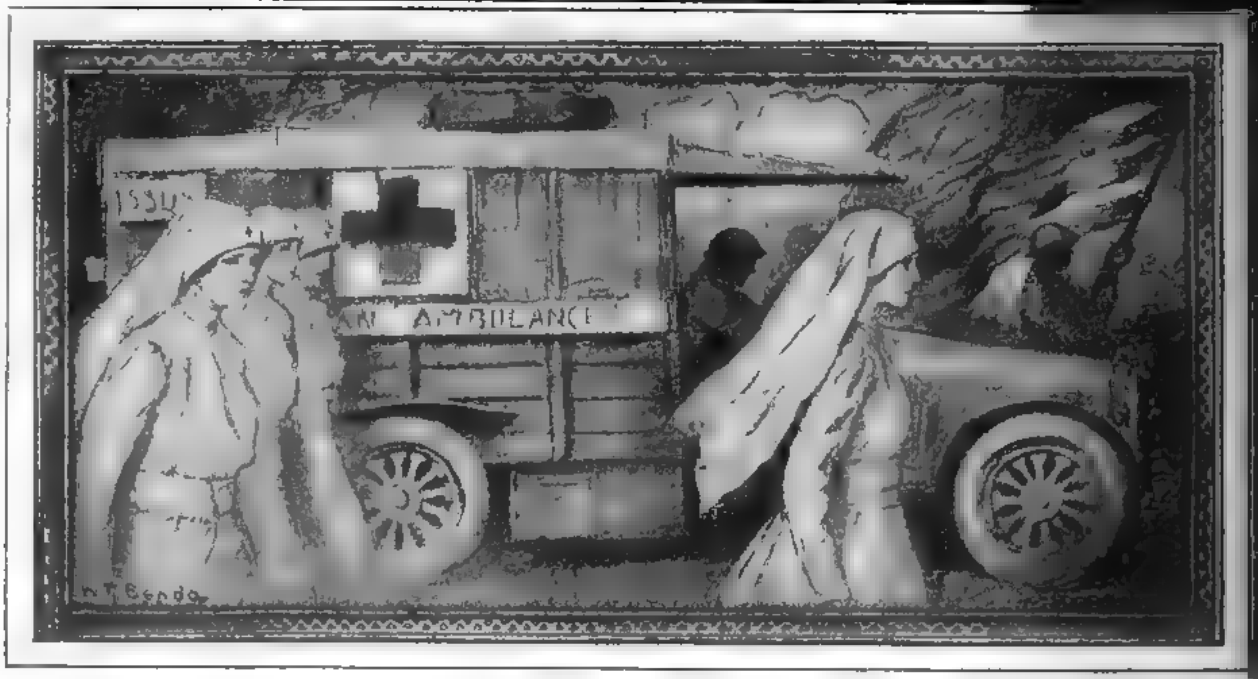

The March of the Red Cross

THE swift march of events is setting a pace for the Red Cross to-day of which few people are aware. It is no military secret that, with the arrival of considerably over a million American troops in Europe, our army is now many months ahead of its original program, forced thereto by the logic of the German menace. Week by week new thousands of soldiers are landing in European ports, filling the camps in England and France, releasing trained men who are taking over new sectors at the front, and constituting new field armies.

For the Red Cross this victory over schedule means simply that many milestones formerly glimpsed ahead have suddenly flashed by and now only mark the way where achievement passed.

Thanks to the system of warehouses that Major Murphy built, and thanks to the promptitude with which the thousands of tons of material ordered have been shipped and stored, there is no shortage of Red Cross supplies. A new military program, however, has of necessity sprung up overnight. Our sectors on the front are not only far apart but American troops are fighting with French and British units. This means that hospital equipment and supplies must be available and in reserve at many points. Soon, a hundred divisions of American troops must be provided with emergency dressing stations—and emergency stations are not one to a division, as might be imagined.

In addition, our men are seeping into the French and British hospitals as well as into the emergency canvas hospitals which the Red Cross has set up and turned over to the army. Here our food supplies are beginning to be needed particularly to supplement the rations of the French hospitals American Red Cross surgical dressings are now being supplied to these French hospitals, also, in addition to the French ones already furnished. We must be prepared to deliver speedily needed supplies to base, evacuation, and field hospital stations over the whole French front.

On July 3rd Mr. Harvey D. Gibson, now Commissioner to France, cabled for one hundred and ten circus tents, to serve in case of need as an emergency warehouse system. With them he will get a unit of men who will set them up in circus time! On the priority list, at the same time,

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just after ether, come more auto trucks and Ford parts.

The refugee problem, meanwhile, is now well in control. There is being organized a system whereby not only the present refugees are being taken care of, but through which future refugee problems, if such there be, can also be properly, efficiently, and speedily handled.

Paris to-day is merely a way-station where the Red Cross furnishes medical care, food, clothing, shelter, and transportation. More permanent relief becomes possible when the refugees arrive in various departments of the interior. In seventy-two such departments the Red Cross is supplying this relief, including more or less permanent installation of families in new homes. All organizations, including Government agencies, are coöperating in this work, the Red Cross supplying the greater part of the food and clothing needed, and at many points taking command of the situation.

An idea of the amount of merchandise thus distributed can be gained from a message from Major Perkins just received. For one month, it included 156,000 articles of clothing, 20,000 pairs of shoes, 18,000 pieces of furniture, 13,000 kitchen utensils, 50,000 pieces of bedding, 15,000 kilos of condensed milk, and great quantities of other foodstuffs. Some eighty-three thousand people were thus directly reached.

Many more will be aided by the gifts just made to the Belgian Red Cross and to the Swiss Red Cross. The Belgian Red Cross, to which $175,000 has been contributed, is directly responsible for five military hospitals, maintaining four thousand beds. During the last months, these hospitals have been about half filled with patients, the expense per person being about seven francs a day. As the sources from which the Belgians have drawn their income heretofore are rapidly becoming exhausted, we have come to the rescue. The American Red Cross will pay half the running expenses of these hospitals; the Belgian Government will contribute the other half. The five hospitals will thus be run in full force from now on.

In the gift to the Swiss Red Cross there is a peculiar satisfaction, for the citizens of that republic have rendered humanitarian service that should be fittingly recognized. Thousands of children of the Allies are being cared for by Swiss people who can ill afford it. Swiss doctors, at great personal sacrifice, are going to Austria and Germany to examine Allied prisoners for repatriation. Almost every one in Switzerland has felt an obligation toward the sick and suffering at their gates and has endeavored to fulfil it. It is only just that the American Red Cross should in turn come to their rescue. The $125,000 given as a beginning will be used for the Swiss people whom war has touched, and for the relief of Allied soldiers and civilians in transit from the Central Powers.

One by one, also, other burdens of the Swiss are being lightened. Every month a hundred tons of food is being delivered at a Mediterranean port for the invalided Italian and Serbian prisoners returned to Switzerland from the Teutonic prison camps, so that they will no longer be a drain on the already slender supply of foodstocks in Switzerland. For those Serbian officers who have contracted tuberculosis and are now in desperate straits, $37,000 has been appropriated to equip a sanatorium where they can be cared for. In Serbia itself the financial support of the hospital at Bonitza has been assumed—amounting to some $10,000 yearly—and the American nurses and doctors who are there can continue their work. At Saloniki and Monastir, Dr. Ryan is now reinforced by Father Jager and his party of agricultural pioneers and they are engaged in many sorts of reconstruction and refugee work, using a supply of food and material reinforcing that landed a short time ago from the collier *Caesar*. A brighter day will soon dawn for the wretched Serbian refugees on the Macedonian plain.

Meanwhile the Red Cross organization in Switzerland is actively engaged in getting food and clothing to the American soldiers and sailors who are imprisoned in Germany. One of the unexpected difficulties incident to this work at present is the constant transferring of American prisoners in the enemy's country. The return postal card system of accounting for parcels sent from Berne to such prisoners has revealed this situation, which is probably only temporary. For imprisoned American civilians a similar plan has been evolved, which will render easy the supplying of them with food and clothing. This work in its entirety has devolved upon the

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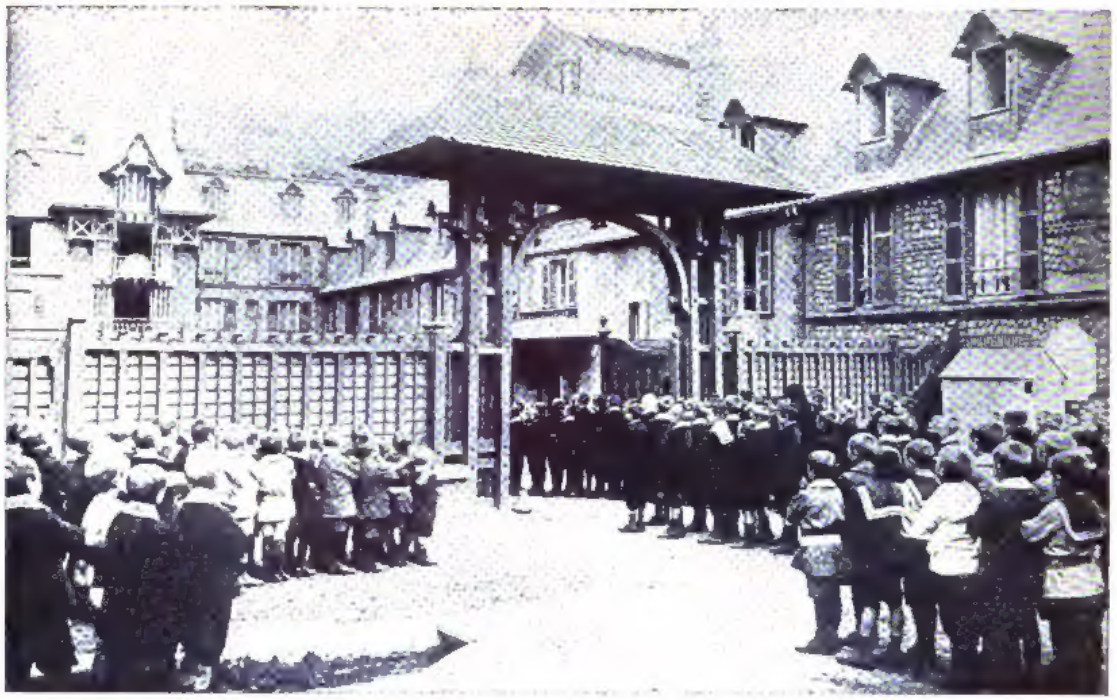

Grand Dalles school colony for Belgian children who have been made orphans by the war

Red Cross just now as the Quartermaster's Department of the army cannot operate for civilians.

Across the mountains in Italy, the first regiments of the American army are fulfilling to-day the promise of assistance made by the Red Cross when first its ambulance sections rushed from Paris to Milan last fall and the Commission to Italy made its appearance in Rome. America will stand with Italy to the end.

The situation in Italy has a certain similarity to that in France when the American army arrived there in good numbers last fall. The newly arriving American soldiers in Italy will find sixteen railroad canteens at important junctions from Reggio and Messina to the Piave front. At the front itself they will be surprised to find the American Red Cross automobile canteens serving them cool drinks and food. Just back of the lines they will have the benefit of the entire system of canteens, hostels, and comfort stations which the Red Cross has established.

The work which has been carried on back of the lines among the civilian population has probably been of even greater importance in its effect on that elusive thing called "morale." At present about 131,000 rations weekly are being served to the refugees from the north of Italy in the thirty Red Cross canteens established for that purpose. Nine hospitals and dispensaries are being maintained. Thousands of homes are gradually being provided for those able to work; and more than 13,000 children are being maintained in schools and about 5,000 more in health centres and summer colonies.

This means a tremendously extensive organization. In fact the Red Cross now reaches some three hundred Italian cities and towns, from the mediæval hill towns of the north to the interior villages of Sicily. It is part of the social consciousness of Italy. Many miscellaneous workshops in some sixty places, turning out laces and shoes and clothing, give some idea of the rehabilitation that has been necessary simply from the industrial standpoint. The Red Cross is the practical owner of these places in as much as it assumes the responsibilities of the employer—superintendence, raw materials, markets. In its care of the thousands of children it is playing the rôle of mother, and fairy godmother as well, in a bewildering number of ways—all the ways that sympathy can devise. Only a little while ago some Italian children were getting one piece of bread, two radishes and a portion of orange for the heaviest meal of the day. The Red Cross is now seeing that all have enough to eat. In the schools which it is supporting, it is beginning to efface from childish minds the memories of flight and horror impressed on them by the disaster of

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Just a Red Cross packet of "comforts" for each Italian soldier back from the front

last autumn. Some of these schools are under the charge of American women skilled in child welfare work; some are in charge of Italian school teachers; and many large ones are conducted by the nuns.

For all the industrial work with them and their older compatriots America supplies the materials. Many and varied are the forms the work has taken. In some towns the Red Cross contributed 2,500 lire to the local Italian war committees; wool was purchased and the refugee workers were paid for knitting socks and gloves for Italian soldiers. In Rome, in one workroom alone, 6,000 garments are being turned out weekly in addition to shoes and other things. In Sicily the famous hand embroidery is made. At Palermo the scraps from the cloth for garments are stuffed into rag dolls for sick children.

Wherever workrooms are opened, food kitchens, homes or schools, as recently at Grottaferrata, the consciousness of America's helping hand and coming armies is seen in the welcome the village patriarchs give, the bands that play our national airs, the friendliness of the people. This is the answer of America and the Red Cross to the arguments of the Hun—which at present are taking the form of gas bombs in the streets of Italian villages as far south as Naples.

That the feeling is real, vivid, and widespread, was proved conclusively by the Fourth of July celebrations all over Italy. The newspapers presented nearly complete reproductions of President Wilson's speech at Mt. Vernon; and in a score of cities the Red Cross men were literally overwhelmed by telegrams, letters, presented and personal calls from the mayors and other officials. At a city behind the front Victor Emmanuel visited the Red Cross workrooms and expressed in person his deep pleasure and gratitude. There has been no doubt of the popular demonstration. Possibly the manner of the Red Cross aid has been in great measure responsible for this result. In all of its work in Italy, the Red Cross has never undertaken anything without complete comradeship with the Italians themselves. In most cases the Italian Government has retained the direction of affairs, which has been most helpful.

An added warmth to the friendly feeling that has been already aroused was given by Colonel Perkins just before leaving for America. He gave a million lire to the Italian Red Cross for the support of needy families of Italian soldiers who took part in the victory against the Austrian offensive.

In England, the strengthening of the Red Cross organization is proceeding swiftly, keeping pace with the demands which grow day by day as more American troops are placed in the English camps. Mr. Foster Rockwell, formerly head of the canteen service in America, is laying the foundations for a similar work in England, beginning with calls for trained personnel, equipment, and

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forty-two tons of chocolate. Under Major Endicott, meanwhile, hospital work is going steadily forward. A hundred and fifty portable huts have been shipped to be used as dispensaries and immune wards at the camps. Fifty motor ambulances, as well as fifty camions, are on their way. The three-thousand-bed hospital—part mansion, part tents—at Southampton for American wounded is practically completed and is being staffed by American nurses and doctors. Meanwhile, the Scottish Women's Hospitals have been given $150,000, in addition to former contributions, the increase being a result of the enormous demands now being made upon hospitals in England due to the German offensive.

In this country, Red Cross work has been given new life and energy by the magnificent donation of one hundred and seventy millions by the American people. Forty Red Cross headquarters buildings are being constructed in the army and navy camps for the use of the rapidly growing personnel of the Camp Service, $400,000 having been appropriated for this purpose. Fifty-one convalescent houses are being rushed to completion, the Juniors furnishing a great part of the furniture from their own workrooms. The Motor Corps, which has heretofore been organized in different localities under several different names as well as under the Red Cross emblem, is now fully coördinated and includes six thousand enlisted personnel in many cities. The cars of this service carry a white metal pennant bearing a red cross and the words "Motor Corps."

In thousands of workrooms, meanwhile, surgical dressings and other necessities are keeping more than two million women busy. Their work, and the supplies which start almost daily for Italy, France, England, Switzerland, and Palestine, form the backbone of the Red Cross.

The following cablegrams show plainly what some of the rest of the Red Cross work can mean:

Red Cross, Washington.

Two searchers reports advise that German prisoners say Lieutenant Walter Shaeffer in German front hospital. (Signed) PERKINS,
Paris.

Red Cross, Washington:

Advise W. S. Doble, Norfolk Downs, Mass., his son prisoner at Darmstadt and weekly food parcel sent since June 14th. (Signed). DENNETT,
Berne.

Dennett, Red Cross, Berne, Switzerland:

Send $10.00 to Corporal Eric A. Lee, prisoner Darmstadt addition regular assistance. Charge us.
(Signed) DAVISON,
Washington.

Magazines in War Time

THE restrictions of war make necessary some changes in the magazine. Paper-making requires coal and chemicals that must be conserved or used for immediate war-winning purposes.

Conforming to the spirit of the time we are reducing this number of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE by eight pages, thereby saving hundreds of tons of paper a year and consequently hundreds of tons of coal that will be available for other uses. To offset this we have enlarged the type page. This enlargement will give us about the equivalent, in text space, of the eight pages cut off, so that you as subscriber will get no less reading.

These changes have already had a stimulating and beneficial effect on those of us who edit and publish the magazine. They have brought us a keener realization of our responsibilities and a more eager determination to make the magazine more interesting, more useful, more informing and inspiring.

You as subscriber must help us save. No magazines should be wasted. We particularly ask subscribers to whose households duplicates are going—because more than one person is a subscribing member—to notify us. The slogan is "One magazine to a family." From a list of a million and a quarter names, it is impossible for us to take out duplicates with any precision, and we have sometimes made the mistake of taking off copies which were particularly desired. We must therefore, ask you to tell us when we may and when we may not cut off duplicate copies.

Address: THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE
Garden City, N. Y.

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